

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

WHY MILLERAND IS OUT

If we are to believe the French correspondent of *The Nation and the Athenæum*, M. Millerand owes his rather unceremonious ejection from the Presidency in no small measure to his effort to make that largely decorative honor an office of real political authority. He therefore infringed, at least in spirit, the Constitution to which he appealed when he refused the suggestion that he resign.

Not being responsible to Parliament, he has endeavored to instruct it. He tried to exercise pressure on the mass of the electors. He even went so far as to publish haughty threats. He has mixed in the struggle of the parties. He joined completely in the game, staking everything, knowing well that he was doing so, for he let it be understood that if the majority of voters did not rally to his point of view he would address a message to the country!

The Paris correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* cites two important violations of the precedents of his office by President Millerand: his intervention in the Conference at Cannes; and his speech at Évreux,

where he outlined a political programme identical with that of the National Bloc, and advocated revising the Constitution so as to enlarge the authority of his office. In both cases he championed his personal views against those of the Premier. He disagreed with Briand over the latter's foreign policy at Cannes, and with Poincaré over that Premier's domestic policy. Millerand himself led the campaign that forced the resignation of President Casimir-Perier thirty years ago, and wrote at that time: 'Inasmuch as the Élysée champions its own policy and seeks to carry out its own will, it is perfectly logical for the French electorate to call a halt upon that policy.'

Most French comment upon the crisis assumes such an ample background of local political information as to lose point for the foreign reader. The London *Spectator* elucidates the episode in an understanding article as follows: —

To us M. Poincaré has represented so completely the France of the last three years that we are inclined to forget that it was not he, but his less-known colleague, M. Alexandre Millerand, who formed that

famous Bloc National which alone made M. Poincaré and his policy possible. But if we in England were apt to forget this, the French electorate was never permitted to do so. In a series of speeches, culminating in his notorious address at Evreux, their President reminded them that it was he who was the architect of the great electoral trust which ruled them, and urgently demanded of them that they should continue to support it and him. The gravity of such action is not obvious in this country, where we are used to hearing of the actions and speeches of the President of the United States. But the position of the French President is a perfectly different one, analogous to that of the British Sovereign, and not to that of the American President, in that he calls on a party chief to form an administration, and never, like an American President, forms one himself. We have only to think for a moment of the situation that would have been created if the King had taken an active part in the late election, to get an almost exaggerated idea of what has happened in France.

Edouard Herriot, the new Premier of France, like several of his predecessors in that high office, was at one time a school-teacher, and he is still a lover of classical literature. The French correspondent who contributes a brief biography and character-sketch of him to the *London Saturday Review* says:—

He has not foresworn his allegiance to the humanities. He still carries an Ovid in his pocket, is frequently seen at the lecturer's desk, and when so inclined can write a satirical article in excellent hexameters.

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FASCIST ECONOMIES QUESTIONED

CREDIT for Italy's recent economic recovery has been a strong talking-point for the Fascist Government both at home and abroad. But Giacomo Matteotti, the Socialist Deputy whose kidnapping and presumable assassination by the Fascisti have seriously upset political tranquillity in Italy, disputed this claim in a letter published in the

June 7 issue of the *London Statist*. He asserted that the recovery began before Mussolini seized power, and its progress was not accelerated by that event.

It is perfectly true that 'all the usual statistical indices of the conditions of the country indicate a constant progress in Italy'; but that has nothing whatever to do with Fascism, for it is merely the result of a development which began several years before the Fascist régime.

The true expenditures of the Government have not diminished, though there has been an apparent decrease owing to certain peculiarities of accounting — the carrying-over into subsequent years of items connected with the liquidation of the war. The number of ministries, this informant tells us, has been reduced, but not their cost to the people. While there are about five thousand fewer civil servants than when the Fascisti took power, the actual cost of supporting them is more than 100 million lire greater than it used to be. There has been a reduction in the railway department, 'but the chief aim of this reduction was to get rid of employees who were not Fascisti.' The deficit in the operation of the Government railways still exceeds 900 million lire. This is a cut of more than 400 million in the deficit before the Fascisti assumed control, but that improvement is more than accounted for by one item — the lower cost of coal. The real improvement in the situation of the Italian treasury, according to Signor Matteotti, is due entirely to increased receipts from taxes, which were levied by the preceding Government. 'The cost of living is still rising, while wages are diminished by about fifteen to twenty per cent.'

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SPENGLER AND THE SOCIALISTS

OSWALD SPENGLER's latest work, which we note under Books Mentioned and

from which we publish an extract elsewhere in this issue, is naturally resented by the Socialists. Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* accuses the author of 'preaching from the pulpit like a conventional priest of Mammon' and asks:—

What does Herr Professor Spengler promise the workingman if he surrenders Socialism and places himself completely in the hands of 'talented, creative industrial leaders,' not a few of whom spend most of their time on the Riviera without the slightest visible detriment to the enterprises they own? The possibility of advancement by increased efficiency and personal service—that is, by piece work. . . . The workingman is to sacrifice his great ideal of world emancipation, his lofty aspiration for human brotherhood, all his conceptions of justice and humanity—in order to make his fingers a little nimbler and earn perhaps thirty-five per cent more wages, assuming that his employer does not improve the opportunity to lower the piece-work rate.

Turning to another theme in Spengler's new book, we find deductions there that have a very practical bearing upon the present public policies of Germany:—

World economics owe their form and organs to a long process of evolution, and Germany must accommodate herself to these or cease to exist. Russia made the experiment of ignoring them at the cost of 30,000,000 human lives, and now finds herself forced painfully to retrace her steps in order to escape a relapse into savagery. But Russia is a self-supporting country. Were Germany, whose people live on imports, exports, and credit, to make the slightest move toward destroying existing forms of credit and defying existing financial forces, she would invoke a similar catastrophe within a few weeks. In economics—though even experts often overlook this—sound theories and progressive methods often count for less than the accepted usages of the great masters of industry and finance. The keener vision of theorists plays a minor rôle; and equally in questions of statesmanship it is not so much brain

capacity as the acquired brain content that counts.



COMMUNIST INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY

OUR London Communist contemporary, the *Labour Monthly*, refuses to see in the subsidence of economic and political uneasiness abroad anything more than the transient torpor of the satiated capitalist anaconda:—

The new era did not really begin with an uprising of the peoples, with changed hearts; to smash Baldwin and Poincaré at the ballot boxes. It began a long time ago, when the negotiators of the Standard Oil and Shell combines came to an agreement to share the Persian oil fields. Next came agreement, in principle, at Lausanne, as to the oil of Asia Minor. With the defeat of de la Huerta the question of the oil of Mexico was settled. Then came agreement as to the ultimate disposal of the Caucasian wells. The American debt is also settled as far as Britain is concerned. The experiment of direct control by the financiers of Europe has proved a success in Austria and is being extended to include Hungary. Italy received her soporific slice of African desert in the agreement as to Jubaland. These preliminary difficulties have been cleared out of the way, and all the spade work done for the 'settlement' of the biggest question of all—that of the control and exploitation of the railways, coal, and ores of Continental Europe. For the 'settlement of that question' American capital is needed, since the diplomatic settlement is not actually as important as the work of getting the Syndicate going on modern commercial lines. And for American capital to come in there is need for an international court of arbitration, on which American finances can be represented, to settle the disputes as to interpretation of phrases and to enforce the contracts agreed upon between the constituent national interests. That is why the Senate of the United States is at this moment discussing four distinct plans of action with regard to American participation in the World Court of The Hague.

Though the Communists have generally resorted to fiat-money when they have been in control of a country, they are not necessarily inflationists in theory. A contributor to the journal just quoted defines inflation as a device that produces 'a nation of millionaires who work twelve hours a day and are hungry.'



A BOLSHEVIST ABROAD

IVAN KUTUZOV, a Moscow delegate to the Anglo-Soviet conference at London, writes to his friends in Russia of his experiences in the British metropolis in a vein that suggests a chapter in that Australian classic, *The Waybacks in the Hearts of Their Countrymen*. One of these letters, published in the Soviet official daily, *Izvestia*, of May 9, records vividly the writer's first impressions of the city on the Thames.

Finally there is the station. Lights, lights, without number. A wonderful sight! Cleanliness, order! You get out of the car and see a crowd of people, automobiles, baggage carts, line after line — and all this within the station!

Cleanliness and order seem to be the high lights of his mental picture. At the hotel — 'English cleanliness, but not a particle of heat. If you want to feel warm, drop a shilling in a slot, because they have no Russian stoves, just automatic electrical ones. Sheer boredom. Just like an old folks' home.'

But alas for the roast beef of old England! In Russian eyes John Bull's country, famous for its hearty abundance and Pickwickian feasts, is a land of Lenten sparseness: —

English food is, to a Russian, not food but a torturing mirage. You sit and look on: no end of forks and spoons, but as to food — you feel like getting up and looking around the room for it. When I was leaving Moscow, comrades shouted: 'Take care, Kutuzov, don't you get a fat stomach.' I

laugh when I think of that. Ten minutes after I have paid for my dinner I want something to eat again.

English beds are almost too aristocratic in their cleanliness, trimness, and comfort for a member of the proletariat. They are 'just what a *barin* — a fine gentleman — would have: spring mattresses, feather beds, warm blankets.'

The psychology of the well-trained English servant stirs the wrath of this revolutionary visitor: —

The servants look like lords, but know their duties. They must walk on tiptoe. If they only knew Russian I am sure we should soon teach them to behave differently. We should start discord and stir up disobedience to their masters. As it is, it's hopeless. You can't even gesture at them. We sit down; they stand before us. What they say about us, good or bad, we don't know. Besides, if we tried to convert them to our Russian ideas we might get a quick invitation to leave the country from their King. They're meek fellows here. So long as they're fed they're satisfied.

London traffic is another new experience.

I must say if we had such a crush on our Moscow streets we should have to put seven militiamen on every corner, and even then there would be confusion. Trams two stories high, bottom and top all windows. They don't allow people to stand in them — but then, who would want to stand if an autobus goes by every two minutes and a tramcar every four? And trains, elevated and underground, every three minutes! And they speed as if they were moving in a desert, while there are so many people in the street you're afraid to step on somebody's heels every moment.

A big city. Some forty versts or more from one end to the other. Judge for yourself: eight and a half million people, while Moscow prides herself on claiming two million. . . .

All in all, I must say London is a city and Moscow a village. Forgive me. Though I am a patriot of our workingmen's country,

I am saying what I have seen with my own eyes.

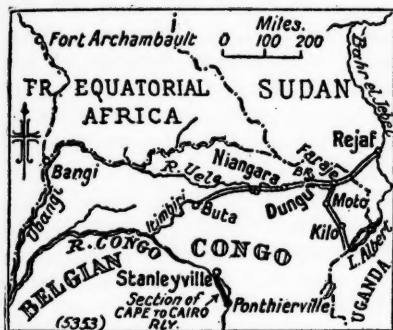
In stores — beauty outside and inside. Prices are fixed — no bargaining. You pay and your money shoots up a tube and the change comes back to the spot where you stand. Cunning indeed is the Englishman!

Such are my impressions. However, beautiful as is London, I'm already thinking every now and then: How soon back to Moscow?



TRANS-AFRICAN FORD-WAYS

EVEN the deepest jungles will soon afford no seclusion from the smell of gasoline and the chug of the motor-car. A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from a frontier point in the Belgian Congo last April, thus describes the completion of the last link of a new automobile highway, over six hundred miles long, joining the Congo with the Nile: —



Here in Central Africa, in the most northeasterly district of the Belgian Congo, three epoch-making balks of timber have just been swung into position in the last span over a rising tropical stream. A rumbling, darkened sky, threatening one of those furious tornadoes which herald the breaking of the great rains, has hastened the workers' hands. The timber falls neatly into its resting-place with a deep contented boom. The last river has been bridged.

A Fiat car starts into a sudden purr from the depths of the forest patch behind and emerges along the high embankment into

the light. It moves slowly across the finished bridge, the first vehicle to cross. The date is April 13.

Henceforward, by rail, river, and this Congo road, the enterprising or curious passenger may travel in reasonable comfort to the Cape of Good Hope from Peking, Berlin, or Vladivostok with only one twenty-minute passage on salt water, without violence to his normal habits, and with only the exertion needed to walk from one to another waiting vehicle. *Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*



MINOR NOTES

Het Laatste Nieuws, a Brussels Liberal daily, deplores the tendency of political parties in Belgium to shape their tactics by the results of the elections in France. While acknowledging that the latter will determine Belgium's foreign policy, there is no reason, in the opinion of this journal, why they should influence purely domestic questions. Yet they are commonly regarded as doing so. 'Immediately after the French voters rendered their decision, some political leaders in Belgium, who until that event had been highly pleased with the idea of a Clerical-Liberal entente, made an immediate about-face, and began to champion an alliance between the Liberals and the Socialists. After shouting: "Long live the Catholic-Liberal Coalition! Down with the Socialists!" they now shout: "Long live the Socialists-Liberal Coalition! Down with the Catholics!"'

THE famous phrase, 'a scrap of paper,' supposed to have been used by the German Chancellor in referring to the treaty protecting Belgium's neutrality at the outbreak of the war, is now disputed. Mr. Valentine Williams, in a recent letter to the *Times*, says that he personally talked with the late Sir Edward Goschen, the British Ambassador, on this very subject, and that Sir

Edward informed him that the interview was conducted in German. The words actually used were '*ein Stückchen Papier*.' Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor, is reported to have remembered the words as '*ein Fetzen Papier*.' Sir Edward Goschen fancied that his rendering, 'a scrap of paper,' was suggested by Sardou's play. Perhaps the words will always remain a curious and undecided but not particularly weighty point of controversy in diplomatic annals.

CHILE's March elections completed the swing to the moderate Left — the Liberalism represented by President Arturo Alessandri — that first manifested itself decisively at the ballot box in the presidential election of 1920. At that election the Conservative Party, which had controlled the destinies of the Republic for a generation, lost its hold upon the lower house of the Legislature and the executive branch of the Government, but retained a majority in the Senate that enabled it to block the progressive policies of its opponents. The March elections swept away this last obstacle to a more modern régime by giving President Alessandri a heavy majority in both Chambers. To be sure, this

advantage comes a little late, since the country is facing a new presidential election; but on the other hand, the long deadlock in the legislative branch of the Government serves the Liberals as a plausible excuse for not accomplishing all they promised the people in the campaign of 1920.

BOTH Russia and Germany have recently protested against the treatment of the minority populations in Poland. Germany's note was in favor of her countrymen in Silesia, while Chicherin seeks to make Russia the protector of the Ukrainians, the White Russians, and even the Orthodox Church in the territories of her Western neighbor. The Polish Government has not paid much attention to these protests, but has reached an agreement with the bishops of the Orthodox Church for a new delimitation of their parishes. This arrangement provides for the maintenance of an Orthodox Church within a maximum distance of ten kilometres of every resident in a parish, special seminaries to train orthodox priests, and the use of the minority languages in public schools wherever a specified proportion of the people — yet to be fixed by the Diet — uses these languages in their homes.

POLITICS IN FRANCE



HERRIOT ARRIVES



POINCARÉ DEPARTS. — *Humanité*

DIPLOMATIC STATUS OF THE DOMINIONS

BY ARTHUR BERRIEDALE KEITH, D.C.L.

[The request of the Irish Free State for a separate Minister at Washington, and the refusal of Canada to consider itself directly a party to the Lausanne Treaty between Great Britain and Turkey, raise the question of the diplomatic status of the Dominions. The author, who is distinguished both as an international jurist and an Oriental scholar, and is Regius Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology at Edinburgh University, is probably the leading authority on this question in Great Britain.]

From the *Morning Post*, June 10
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

THE publication of the correspondence between His Majesty's Government and that of Canada regarding the signature and ratification of the Lausanne Treaty, and the intimation of the desire of the Irish Free State to secure the appointment of a diplomatic representative at Washington, have raised once more in a somewhat acute form the problem of the measure of autonomy which is compatible with the continued unity of the Empire. The matter, indeed, would be simple enough if we could accept the doctrine which is current in South Africa, and which asserts that the Dominions are States of international law, whose unity depends on their allegiance to one sovereign and on that alone; but even General Smuts, who has carried to its furthest limits the doctrine of autonomy, has not officially adopted this position, and Mr. Massey has emphatically repudiated it. The situation is complex, and no simple theory is of value in attempting to explain it.

The dominant fact, however, is that the Dominions have as yet no international status other than that which they enjoy in virtue of their membership of the League of Nations. The terms of the Covenant of the League are sufficient to show that membership does not convert a Dominion into a

State of international law for all purposes; membership of the League gives a Dominion certain definite powers and duties, but, in matters not directly arising out of membership of the League, a Dominion retains its former position, and therefore is without international character.

It is true that the treaties of peace, save that with Turkey, were duly signed by separate plenipotentiaries in respect of each Dominion, but, important constitutionally as this method of procedure was, it was internationally of no consequence. The signatures were for and in the name of His Majesty, and the authority to append them rested ultimately on His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom; the significance of the mode of signature was essentially domestic, indicating that the Dominions, by their participation in the war, had acquired the right to consultation on all issues of foreign policy, while by signing the treaties they made it clear that they recognized their obligation actively to assist the United Kingdom in securing their due performance. The true nature of the signatures is admirably shown by the fact that the important — though abortive — pact between the United States, France, and His Majesty regarding the defense of France was signed only by

the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, while express provision had to be inserted to render the obligations of the treaty binding on the Dominions only if approved by their Parliaments.

In the light of these facts the controversy as to Lausanne admits of easy solution. The suggestion that any question of international law is involved is erroneous; no issue arises as to the possibility of Canada standing out from the treaty of peace, or remaining at war with Turkey, while peace prevails as regards the rest of the Empire. The Canadian Government does not claim that the British ratification of the treaty does not make the treaty applicable to Canada, or that Canada is an independent State; what it asserts is something very different, and perfectly reasonable, and it is a misfortune that its attitude should so widely have been misunderstood. Canada was not given the chance of being represented during the negotiation of the treaty, and therefore, very naturally, the Dominion Government declined to consent to the treaty being signed in respect of Canada separately, or to express concurrence in the ratification of the treaty, while taking no exception to such action as regards ratification as His Majesty's Government might determine upon.

The result, therefore, is that the treaty through ratification becomes binding on Canada, as far as international law is concerned, but that in regard to it Canada stands in a different attitude constitutionally than to the earlier treaties of peace. In the case of those treaties she accepted full responsibility to play her part in the execution of their provisions, a fact strikingly illustrated by her efforts to secure the modification of the grave burdens imposed by Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations. In the case of the peace of Lausanne she

has expressly stated that she holds that the obligations imposed by the treaty, including the Straits Convention, are essentially incumbent on the United Kingdom. In the event, therefore, of any breach of that Convention, Canada remains morally and constitutionally free to decide to what extent, if any, she will assist the United Kingdom to vindicate the terms of the treaty. From the point of view of the domestic relations of the Empire the distinction is of great practical importance, but it has no significance for international law.

The position of the Irish Free State in this regard is identical both in law and in fact. The treaty of Lausanne binds the Free State, but constitutionally the Free State remains free to determine how far she will accept the duty to participate actively in dealing with any breach of the terms of the Convention.

The attitude of Canada and the Free State in this regard affords a practical solution of what *prima facie* is a grave difficulty, the possibility of carrying on an Imperial foreign policy without deadlocks or destroying the unity of the Empire. It is plainly impossible, under present conditions of feeling in the Dominions and the United Kingdom, for British relations with European Powers to be controlled by a truly Imperial body, and the only practical solution lies in consultation, and, if agreement is not possible, in the conclusion of treaties by the Crown on the authority of the Government of the United Kingdom, subject to the constitutional understanding that it remains for the Dominions to decide, if and when the cause arises, to what extent they will actively assist the United Kingdom. How far it may prove possible in concluding treaties of a political character, as opposed to commercial treaties, to make clear to what extent they are applicable to the Dominions,

is a matter remaining to be explored; but it is not unlikely that in practice the attempt would prove unfruitful, and might tend to endanger Imperial unity.

The same danger is far more directly threatened by the question of the appointment of a Minister Plenipotentiary of the Irish Free State at Washington. The Irish demand rests on a very strong basis, the promise given by the treaty of December 1921, of a status equivalent to that of the Dominion of Canada, for on May 11, 1920, Mr. Bonar Law announced in the House of Commons the conclusion of an arrangement between the British and the Canadian Governments for the appointment at Washington of a Minister Plenipotentiary to have charge of Canadian affairs. It is true that Canada has hitherto refrained from making a recommendation to the King under this arrangement, but this is not, strictly speaking, relevant, and it is difficult, except on very technical grounds, to refuse the Free State the benefit of a similar appointment, provided, of course, that the United States concurs in it.

There are obvious objections to the procedure proposed, as well as considerable difficulty in estimating the manner in which the proposal would operate. The appointment, according to the agreement with Canada, would be intended to operate in such a manner as not to violate the diplomatic unity of the Empire, and the Government of the United Kingdom would be responsible for the advice to make the appointment tendered to the Crown. The Minister Plenipotentiary would be empowered to represent His Majesty at Washington, but not, like the British Ambassador, generally, his sphere of action being restricted to matters of purely Canadian or Free State concern, and on these he would take his instructions

direct from the Canadian or the Free State Government.

The immediate difficulty arises as to the authority to determine what matters were of purely Canadian or Free State concern, and the relations of the Ambassador to the Minister in respect of questions which might have, or be held by the British Government to have, an Imperial interest. It is patent that a commercial arrangement between the United States and Canada or the Free State is precisely the sort of question with which a Minister representing either of these territories would be expected to deal, and equally plain that any such agreement might very deeply affect Imperial interests generally as was the case with the reciprocity agreement of 1911. Further confusion may be expected if and when Australia or South Africa feels it incumbent to ask for a Minister of its own, and the United States Government may be excused if it feels no enthusiasm for any such splitting-up of British representation, even unaccompanied by any suggestion of recognition of the Dominions as distinct units of international law.

On the other hand must be set the fact of the natural Canadian feeling that, as the bulk of the Embassy business in the United States is connected with Canadian affairs, it is desirable that these matters should be dealt with by a Canadian, whose responsibility is direct to the Dominion Government.

One misunderstanding should in any case be avoided. The appointment of a Dominion Minister would in no wise increase the power of a Dominion in treaty matters. Such a Minister could not negotiate or sign for the Crown any treaty without the express authority of the British Government as well as of his own Government, and any treaty so signed could only be ratified with like assent.

AN ELECTION SURVEY OF EUROPE

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

From *L'Illustration*, May 24

(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

Is it possible to discover certain general tendencies and common traits in the elections that have recently occurred in England, Italy, Germany, and France? To be sure, political, economic, and social conditions are different in each of these countries, and the methods of voting, which necessarily have some influence on results, also vary. Women vote in England and Germany, and take an active part in political campaigns. Their weight is sufficient to determine the outcome in either country. We are told, for example, that they contributed materially to the strength of the Nationalist polls in Germany. If women possessed the ballot in France, as they certainly will some day, it is reasonable to infer that the cost of living would have been an even more important campaign issue than it actually proved to be.

What characterizes the French elections first of all is an emphatic return to the political alignments that preceded the war. We have elected a Chamber in 1924 that does not differ materially from the Chamber chosen ten years ago, in 1914. It was that earlier Chamber, where the Parties of the Left had an unquestioned majority and the understanding between the Radicals and the Socialists was very close, which, when it had been in existence only a few months, received the shock of Germany's declaration of war. That was the Chamber that fought the war. Socialists joined the Ministry. This Legislature and the Cabinets to which it gave its confidence bore the burden

of war without flinching, and carried the country to victory. That is a fact upon which we cannot lay too much stress.

The elections that immediately followed our victory, in the very midst of its intoxication, caused an abrupt shifting toward the Right. The National Bloc, which won such a signal triumph in that campaign, was the fruit of an effort to form a new party by reconciling the old differences that had divided formerly hostile groups. But to create a great political party worthy of the name, able to live and to thrust its roots deep into national life, takes much time, much labor, and much personal sacrifice.

The leaders of the National Bloc have had reason to realize that it is harder to use success than to win it. After a victory resulting from a unique concurrence of transient circumstances, it is all-important not to forget that special circumstances speedily change, and the victories they give are often short-lived. The abnormal conditions following the war gradually disappeared. Each country resumed more or less rapidly its normal habits of life and thought. Political alliances formed during or immediately after the war yielded to the older and solidier combinations that had preceded them. They could not live and grow except by supplanting what had gone before; and, either for want of skillful leaders or under the compulsion of circumstances, they failed to do this.

Such a situation is not peculiar to

France. England was not able to preserve the Coalition that for a time united the Conservatives and part of the Liberals under the sceptre of Lloyd George. That transitory and paradoxical alliance — considering the ancient and powerful traditions of the British Empire — came to an end. When the war was over and the treaty signed, each party wished to recover its old independence. The ill-matched team, so to speak, kicked over the traces, and its Welsh driver was unable, with all his dexterity, to keep it in the shafts.

So England too has resumed the political course she followed before the war, except for changes caused by the growth of the Labor Party. That party, which now ranks second in strength, has taken the place formerly held by the Liberals, and will probably encroach more and more upon the territory of its predecessor. So the future of the Liberal Party is unpromising. If, in a crisis, its leaders should adopt a positive policy, they would run the risk of seeing their following desert them, some to the Conservatives, and others to the Socialists. We should not forget that Premier MacDonald's Ministry already contains several converts from Liberalism. Their intelligence, culture, and political experience make them the most valuable lieutenants he has.

While the French elections exhibited a decided shifting toward the Left, precisely the reverse occurred in Germany. All that the Parties of the Right and Centre lost in France was gained by the Radicals and Socialists. In Germany all that was lost by the Parties of the Left — Socialists, Democrats, and Clericals — has gone to either the Nationalists on the extreme Right or the Communists on the extreme Left. And the gains of the Nationalists exceed the gains of the Communists both in numbers and in political significance. This drift to the Right is by no means a new

phenomenon in post-war Germany. It has manifested itself in every election since the Armistice. At each the Left has lost ground. Only the Clericals, with their powerful organization and use of the confessional argument, have been able to hold their followers.

German voters show this disposition to desert the leaders of the Left because the latter have been in power during a critical period, when they have made themselves responsible for many of the difficulties and disasters that have afflicted the country. The collapse of the mark has ruined the middle classes and overturned the whole social hierarchy from top to bottom. It has made the rich poor and the poor rich. *Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles*. Shifty sharpers have profited by speculating on the fall of the mark, and some of them have won fortunes that dazzle the imagination. As in all such crises, the middle classes — civil servants, retired business men, pensioners, and other people with moderate fixed incomes — have suffered the worst. Falling exchange and skyrocketing prices have weighed like a nightmare upon the country. They have ruined dispositions, wrecked business morals, aggravated domestic discord, and created dangerous undercurrents of discontent.

Naturally the opposition parties, particularly the extremists on the Right and on the Left, have taken advantage of this. We must add to these grievances the anger caused by our occupation of the Ruhr, which has been sedulously cultivated by a campaign of falsification and calumny.

Under such conditions, the opponents of the Left had an easy task. All they needed to do was to denounce the blunders and weakness of the Cabinet. Most of their attacks struck home. So the Government parties have met defeat.

Our difficulties in France since the war are not to be compared with those in Germany. They are just as actual, to be sure, and of the utmost gravity — especially our financial predicament. Our taxpayers have had to bear an enormous burden to rebuild the devastated regions, because Germany has defaulted. The logical result has been to depreciate our exchange and thereby to raise the cost of living, which directly affects everyone. In order to meet the crisis, we were forced to vote new taxes only a few weeks before the elections.

It is unnecessary to look beyond the high cost of living and heavy taxes for the discontent that manifests itself everywhere, both in the cities and in the country. And the discontented always vote against the Government.

In Germany as well as France new political forces are rising to ascendancy. But the men put in office by these forces will soon learn that it is infinitely easier to criticize a Ministry than to conduct one. If the German Nationalists enter a Cabinet, they will have to show their cards. They must say definitely and unambiguously whether they accept the Dawes Report or not. If they accept it, why did they blame their predecessors for doing so? If they reject it, they will have to take the consequences — offend England and weld her closer than ever to France, debase the Rentenmark so laboriously stabilized, and do many other things that no reasonable man will venture with a light heart.

Our Radicals in France condemn M. Poincaré violently for his financial policy, new taxes, and the *décrets-lois*, which they say violate our constitutional liberties and the rights of parliament. While we must admit that this criticism is theoretically justified, we should bear in mind that M. Poincaré did not adopt these measures because he liked them, but because he was com-

pelled to do so. Our financial crisis, the imperative necessity of protecting the franc from complete demoralization, made it absolutely necessary to increase the Government's income and diminish its outgo. How could that be done? If the *décrets-lois* were a poor device for doing this, some other way must be discovered immediately.

M. Poincaré was criticized bitterly for the occupation of the Ruhr. There again it was merely a question of the choice of means. His political opponents will quickly realize this the moment they are in power. Would they assume responsibility for evacuating the Ruhr and trusting to the unguaranteed promises of Germany? If, as we have only too much reason to fear, Germany should default in her promises, the responsibility would be crushing.

In fact, conditions govern men much more than men govern conditions. That is true of politics and diplomacy, and still more true of economics and finance. The new French Cabinet will discover within twenty-four hours of taking office that it is face to face with the same compelling problems that the old Cabinet vainly tried to solve. If it sticks rigidly to its preconceived programme, if it indulges in the slightest liberality at the expense of the public purse to either Government employees or taxpayers, it will open a spigot through which the treasury will soon run dry. Then it will be forced to choose between two things: to increase revenues by levying new taxes, or to resort to some form of public borrowing. In the latter case the franc will again plunge downward.

Italy's political evolution, and to some extent that of Spain, have entered a phase where a dictatorship set up by force has supplanted a discredited parliament, has vigorously restored public order, and has over-

thrown a tyranny of Communists and anarchists.

Fascism is primarily a reaction from an even worse evil. The middle classes, instead of surrendering as they did in Russia and letting themselves be dispossessed of their property and then destroyed, rallied resolutely to defend their rights. They formed military organizations well supplied with money — the nerves of war — and strictly disciplined, and offered battle to the Communists, replying to violence with violence, and returning with interest every blow that they received. When this Fascist organization reached a certain point of development, its leader, a man of resolution and decision, promptly seized power, and held it firmly. He ignored parliament, and for the time being practically suppressed its functions.

When public order was fully restored, business was reviving, and confidence in the stability of the Government was reestablished, both at home and abroad, Mussolini appealed to the country, and the voters responded as they ordinarily do to the authors of a triumphant *coup d'état*. They endorsed the dictator and his lieutenants by a formidable majority.

The soul of Fascism is hatred of Communism and detestation of the excesses and disorders that accompany it — of incessant strikes and violent outbreaks that endanger the property, personal safety, and even the lives of citizens. Russia is the only European land where Communism has survived. But geographically, economically, and socially she is only partially European. Everywhere else a very brief experience with soviet government and a dictatorship of the proletariat has provoked the other classes to immediate resistance, if necessary to civil war, and they have speedily crushed the Communist movement.

With slight variations that is what has happened in Germany, in Hungary, and in Italy. If parliament lacks the vigor and energy to perform this service, the endangered nation instinctively resorts to a dictator — and always finds a man for the job.

France is, of all European countries, the land where private property is the most subdivided and the most equally distributed. If we compare the condition of the common people of France — the working classes and salaried employees in town and country — with the same classes in England, Germany, or Italy, we discover marked differences. Practically no poor people in France are utterly pauperized. Rare is the French workingman who does not own some property, however modest.

For this reason Communism does not threaten us as much as it does some of our neighbors. But we cannot say that this danger is entirely absent. Conditions may arise where the laboring proletariat in the strictest sense of the word might be reinforced by a bourgeois proletariat that felt even more keenly than the former the constantly rising cost of living. This is the political peril that lurks in mounting prices. It is the most dangerous and disquieting evil society can face. It is an evil that must be combated by every means.

A study of the Cabinets now in power — or likely to take office within a few days — in France, Germany, and England, reveals one trait common to all of them: they are politically unstable, they lack a homogeneous majority. The Labor Cabinet in England lives by the tolerance of the Liberals. Should the latter refuse it their votes, it would be overthrown at once. Whatever Cabinet may hold power in Germany, whether the Nationalists take part in it or not, will likewise of necessity owe

its existence to a coalition of several factions. In France the Radicals, though by far the most numerous group in the Chamber, do not make a majority except with the support of either the Socialists or the Left Republicans.

One might assume that such a situation will in each case result in a weak and vacillating administration. But this kind of instability is a disadvantage of more theoretical than practical importance. Moreover, except in England, it is not new. French and German Cabinets have nearly always been founded on coalitions. *Concentration* has become a familiar term in our parliamentary vocabulary. The last French Chamber was unusual in this respect, for the National Bloc commanded an indisputable majority. That was a transitory exception, however, which, like most exceptions, only confirms the rule.

Our marked shifting to the Left in France is the best answer the country could give to the charge of nationalism and imperialism launched against us almost everywhere, particularly in England and America. Pro-German propaganda — which, let me add, is not always conducted by Germans — made great capital of this accusation. For example, it was so skillfully exploited at the Washington Conference as to prejudice American opinion against France, although the general

sentiment of that country is so cordial and sympathetic toward our people. Its propagandists portrayed France as a reactionary, belligerent country, a disturber of European peace, dreaming of nothing but gore and bloodshed, and maintaining a huge army far beyond its means for the sake of annihilating, of trampling underfoot, its poor, vanquished adversary, peace-loving Germany.

These absurd accusations won general credit. How often newspaper articles and Congressional and Parliamentary debates in both England and America have brought us their echoes. We made futile efforts to refute them, to show how foolish they were, to prove by actual figures that we were spending less upon our army and navy than England and the United States. We appealed in vain to the fundamentally democratic and pacific character of our people. Either we were not believed at all, or we were only half believed.

Now the facts themselves — that is, the elections — have demonstrated so that all the world can see the true attitude and feeling of the nation. Henceforth no one can honestly accuse us of militarism and imperialism. Moreover, every Frenchman, whatever his political preferences, whether he is an admirer of M. Poincaré or of M. Herriot, knows that neither of these statesmen is more militarist than the other.

MUSSOLINI ON DEMOCRACY

BY THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE

[We follow the Italian article upon Mussolini and Machiavelli in our issue of June 28 with this exposition of the same theme by the versatile Dean of St. Paul's, because the present revival of that disparagement of popular virtue and intelligence that characterizes Machiavelli's political philosophy appears to be one of the significant phenomena of the times.]

From the *Morning Post*, June 8
(LONDON TORY DAILY)

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI avows himself a disciple of Machiavelli. 'The Prince,' he says, 'is the statesman's supreme guide. His doctrine is alive to-day because in the course of four hundred years no deep changes have occurred in the minds of men or in the actions of nations.'

And what, according to Mussolini, is the doctrine of Machiavelli? Politics is the art of leading, utilizing, and educating the passions, desires, and interests of men for the benefit of the general order. Men are more inclined to submit to him who makes himself dreaded than to him who strives to be loved. Friendship of this kind, being a mere moral tie, cannot endure against the calculations of interest, whereas fear carries with it the dread of punishment, which never loses its influence. 'It is necessary for anyone who establishes a republic to presuppose that all men are bad, and that they will always apply the malignity of their mind when they have an opportunity. Men never work for good except under compulsion.'

'If,' says Mussolini, 'I am permitted to judge my fellow creatures and contemporaries, I cannot in any way depart from the conclusions of Machiavelli. In fact, I have to be even more severe.' This severity he proceeds to illustrate. While individuals tend to

social decay, the State represents organization. The individual continually attempts to disobey the laws. He hates to pay taxes, and endeavors to avoid his obligations to service in war. There are very few heroes who are prepared to sacrifice themselves on the altar of the State, though there are many willing to upset the altar for their own purposes. Democracy is folly, as is shown by the fact that it is discarded at once when the nation is in danger. When the supreme interests of the people are at stake, even the most democratic governments take care not to submit them to the judgment of the people. 'Armed prophets' — he quotes from Machiavelli — 'conquer; those who are unarmed are ruined. Therefore it is well to arrange things so that when people no longer believe they can be made to believe through force.'

The political crudity of this declaration is amazing. It is as foolish as the utterances of James I, who, when his subjects had already determined to make the monarchy constitutional, was good enough to inform them that 'though a good king will frame his actions according to the law, he is not bound thereto, but of his own good-will and for good example to his subjects. For he is master over every person, having power over life and death.' A

wicked king, James goes on, is sent by God to punish his people, who should resort to 'patience, prayer, and amendment of life' when this infliction falls upon them.

This is not the way in which the real rulers of men have spoken and acted. Oliver Cromwell, for example, did not rise to power by riding roughshod over the opinions and convictions of the English people. His rule represented the triumph of armed force, it is true; but S. R. Gardiner has shown how often he was obliged to accommodate his policy to the factions opposed to him, and how little he intended to govern by fear. Napoleon's maxims, most of which he kept to himself till his active career was over, breathe a very different spirit from Mussolini's. 'The longer I live, the more convinced I am that nothing permanent can be achieved by bare force.' 'Man can be governed only through the imagination. Without it he is a brute.'

There can indeed be no more prodigious blunder for a ruler than to suppose that men are guided only by selfish material interests. It is the imponderables that count most in history. Mussolini says that there are not many heroes who would give their lives for their country. There are unfortunately some millions fewer than there were ten years ago; but the brave men were not all killed. It is difficult even to guess what Machiavelli meant by the failure of the unarmed prophets. Mohammed was an armed prophet; but the men whose ideas have influenced mankind most durably and profoundly — such as Buddha, Plato, and the Founder of Christianity — never appealed to force.

Even great military dictators have been carried to the height of power on the wave of some idealistic enthusiasm. This was true of Mohammed, Crom-

well, and Napoleon. Even Lenin, who was insane for many years before his death, as the autopsy on his remains proved, was the chosen hero of other madmen. The interesting fact about his career was that he became the Bolshevik dictator because he was a maniac. No sane man could have wallowed in bloodshed for five years. But even Bolshevism was not established by mere violence. There was a kind of fanatical faith behind it.

Nor does Mussolini interpret even Machiavelli rightly. He is better represented by such maxims as these: 'When the fear of God is wanting, a kingdom must either go to ruin or be supported by fear of a prince.' 'I believe good to be that which conduces to the interests of the majority, and with which the majority are contented.'

Mussolini as dictator will probably have a short life and a merry one. But Dr. Schiller is right when he reminds us that 'the populations controlled by sheer force are to-day far greater and more important than fifty years ago'; and this may bring us to consider Mussolini's contemptuous judgment of democracy.

That fetish of our grandparents is still worshiped in America. When a nation is blatantly prosperous it forgets its God and adores its institutions. There was a time when the late lamented British Constitution was honored as the final expression of human wisdom. Chastened Europe is looking at the fetish critically, and finds that something more than the feet are of clay.

Nevertheless, we shall prefer the ills we know to a Fascist dictatorship. Mussolini's political creed does not inspire confidence. After a few years of Cromwell England welcomed Charles II, who realized Mussolini's ideal in one respect — he believed most people were scoundrels, and thought no worse of them on that account.

SPRING IN THE ISLES OF GREECE : : :

BY SIR ARTHUR SHIPLEY

[The author, who holds honorary degrees from two American universities, and has been Vice-Chairman of the University of Cambridge, is the author of a number of well-known works on natural history and allied subjects.]

From the *Times*, May 15, 16, 19
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

NOTHING can be more delightful, more refreshing, more health-giving than a cruise in a comfortable yacht among the 'Isles of Greece' in spring. You are free from steamer routes and the inevitable unpunctuality of all those who go down to the sea in East Mediterranean ships. The yacht goeth where it, or rather its owner, listeth. If, as occasionally happens, a storm arises and the sea becomes, as in Homer's time, 'many-sounding,' there is almost always some quiet bay or harbor within reasonable reach. A yacht can land you at that point of an island whence a temple or monastery or Frankish castle can most easily be reached. It is independent of the island capital, often situate far from the ruins — for as a rule they are ruins — which form the main object of the visit.

At this time the Ægean Sea is at its bluest and its clearest, comparable with, though not surpassing, the brilliancy and translucency of the seas of the Bermudas and the Bahamas. The sun is warm, but not too warm, the air crisp and extraordinarily invigorating. It is of an amazing clearness and land can be seen at a distance of some forty miles, while the snow-capped mountains are visible some eighty miles off. In the spring too the snow is still there and adds a rare beauty to the background.

The trees are breaking into their

early foliage. Quinces in flower seem everywhere; the Judas tree adds a splash of vivid color. The smell of the orange blossom is in the air, and as a foil we have the perpetual evergreen fir, with its clean, resinous odor, the cypress, the bay, the myrtle, and above all the world-worn, sad-looking olive.

The flowers recall the foreground of a Botticelli picture. Asphodel and acanthus give a classical 'facies' to the fields where one finds large patches of anemones, the yellow allium or garlic, thought to be the moly of classical times, and poppies darker than our own. Yellow and delicate little blue irises mark the moister regions, while the gorse and the broom clothe the barren hillsides with a golden glory. Rosemary, wild thyme, and other fragrant herbs are bruised as one moves about the ruins, and bruised they yield up their fragrance.

All these flowers in bloom mean a great activity in the insect-life, and the insects rise to the occasion. Graceful butterflies and heavily laden bees frequent the flowers. Dragon flies, moths, grasshoppers abound, and beetles more brilliant than any jewel crawl about the undergrowth.

The villages in the Greek islands owe a great deal to whitewash. Dwelling-houses of every kind are whitewashed, and even churches and monasteries. This is generally renewed in time for

Easter, and we found the whitewashers busily at work at the monasteries in Patmos and elsewhere. Whatever the whitewash conceals, the general effect is pleasing, and one picks out in the clear atmosphere of the Ægean Sea the villages on distant shadowy islands, for they look like little splashes of Chinese white on a purplish hazy background as one gazes from afar.

Coming, as we had come and as many travelers do, from Southern Italy and Sicily, it was agreeable to find that there were no beggars, or hardly any. The Greek country-folk are extremely courteous and pleasant to get on with. It is true they talk a great deal among themselves, in fact they talk all day; but that does n't trouble the casual visitor. One is almost sure, even in the remotest towns, to find someone who speaks English, generally a sailor once in our mercantile marine, but equally often someone who has made his little pile in the United States and has returned to spend his old age in his beloved native island, for they have an intense devotion for their 'home town.'

There are very few roads in the islands. One mostly passes along uncharted paths or ascends a steep zigzag, a cobbled pathway where, although it does n't feel like it, you are really much safer on the back of a donkey than on your own legs.

At Paros, whence the marble comes, we landed to see the Church of the Hundred Gates, which has an unusually rich iconostasis with the usual three doors. Only the King and the clergy may use the central portal, and now there is no King! We also saw here a strange font shaped like a huge hollow cross. In this total immersion is indeed possible, but, as the rubric of our Baptismal Service enjoins, it would have to be done 'discreetly and warily.' . . .

Although Strabo wrote slightly of

the local wine of Samos, its manufacture evidently greatly improved as the centuries passed. Byron selects it among all the Island wines: —

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,

and Tozer was 'regaled' at the capital, Vathy, with old wine 'of a splendid quality,' 'almost a liqueur.' Like other Greek wines, it is very strong and demands dilution with a considerable amount of water. . . .

The first Dodecanese island we visited was Rhodes, and to visit Rhodes is not always easy. The harbors are silted up, and when a sea is running the shore boats cannot reach the steamer. Tozer tells the story of a gentleman who left Smyrna to spend Christmas at Rhodes, and being unable to land was carried on to Alexandria; returning on the same boat he was again unable to land. In fact, he spent weeks and weeks traveling up and down the Eastern Mediterranean without ever being able to land on the island. In the end, however, he did spend Easter on Rhodes.

We were luckier and were able to land both at the south end of the island at Lindos and later at the city of Rhodes, the capital of the island, which lies farther north.

Lindos is a clean-looking little town lying athwart two small harbors. We were met by an Italian sergeant and a soldier or two, who, without being in any way obtrusive, kept a paternal eye on all our doings. The Knights of Saint John — or, as they call them out there, the Cavaliers — have left many mediæval marks on the windows and doorways of the town. The striking feature of Lindos is the Castle of the Knights, which towers over the town some hundred feet up. Just the sort of place for

Sir Guy — the doughty Crusader,

A muscular knight,

Ever ready to fight,

A very determined invader.

These castles and those of the Venetians are never whitewashed, and are for the most part in ruins, but at Nauplia, in an island called Bourzi, in the harbor one is kept in fair repair, for it houses or did house the public executioner, who is always a kind of converted convict and is very unpopular, so he is or was carefully guarded. Once a year he used to be taken round the country in a man-of-war to chop people's heads off, but now that capital punishment has been abolished no one seems to know what he does or even if he still occupies his castle.

Rhodes, the capital, was the busiest town we viewed in the islands. We were there on a Sunday, and the Turks and the Jews were doing a great trade in the chief street, where shops of all kinds jostle each other. Shops selling the same wares are contiguous, an Eastern and a very practical arrangement. In a parallel and quite deserted street still stand the priories of those nations which provided the Knights. Magnificent remains, but difficult to see because of the narrowness of the thoroughfare and the accretion of the inevitable latticed Turkish balconies.

All the old Rhodian plates seem to have disappeared, though the people of the island still decorate their walls with plaques. The old Rhodian ware was used for no other purpose than decoration, and each piece is pierced by two holes for the suspending string. Tozer tells us that dishes from Kameiros, made about 700 B.C., were pierced in the same way.

The small island of Kos was visited to see what is left — and it is not much — of the temple of *Æsculapius* and the venerable and gigantic plane under whose shade it pleased us to think, as the pious islanders think, that greatest of all physicians, *Hippocrates*, taught. It was at Kos that we first heard a muezzin call the faithful to prayer, and

this he did not from a minaret but from the top of a staircase leading to a classic doorway.

The landing at Crete is not always easy, as the port of Canea is an open roadstead. However, one can do much more with a motor-boat than one can with a native rowing-boat, and we landed quite comfortably. The Museum at Canea is well arranged and full of the most fascinating objects from Knossos — double-headed axes, bulls' heads with golden horns, models and pictures of ladies whose gowns recall the pictures of Keene and du Maurier, slim-waisted youths who can hardly have existed — all admirably displayed, labeled, and catalogued. To Knossos we motored out in about half an hour on a fairly good road. I rather wish Saint Paul had not given his endorsement to the saying of Epimenides, who seems to have been a poet, priest, and prophet at Knossos, that 'Cretans are always liars'; and, as far as I can make out, there was a special temporary reason for the remark of Epimenides. Burke did 'not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people'; apparently Epimenides did. To take the outburst of this local prophet and hand it on for all time seems to me to take a heavy responsibility. A man in the position of the Apostle should have thought twice before confirming such a wide generalization. It has prejudiced the island just as the statement of Phocylides about the badness of the people of Leros has injured Leros. We certainly did not find that the Cretans lied more than any other people we came across, and they are abstemious and thrifty folk.

During the war large deposits of coal, thrown over from the various warships which were centred there, accumulated at the bottom of the sea; but not being mechanically minded, and being devoid of dredging apparatus,

the Cretans retrieved this treasure by attaching an octopus to a string and lowering the mollusk over the coal-dump. As soon as it had attached itself by its tentacles to its resting-place, they gently pulled it up; the adhering lump of coal was then detached, and the octopus dropped in again. As in Southern Italy, the octopus is used as an article of food, but this is the first instance I have come across of this mollusk being of practical value as a coal-heaver.

In many of the Islands we were offered coins. I, with the fear of the Fitzwilliam Museum behind me, did not buy any. The last time I was in Greece the late Professor J. H. Middleton told us that if one was offered a really good coin it would be well to inquire whether the seller kept turkeys. It appears that a sojourn in the gizzard of that fowl produces just the right patina, or polish, which deceives the expert. Of course, one has to sacrifice a turkey, but this is a small matter to the coiners, who demand and get hundreds of pounds for golden coins — and, after all, they can eat a great deal of the turkey.

The last of the Dodecanese we visited was Patmos.

On landing at the Scala we were received by a very courteous and aristocratic-looking young Italian officer, who, with his sergeant-major, accompanied us on our visit to the monasteries. His whole garrison consisted of only eleven soldiers, who controlled the population of Patmos. It is quite possible he took us all for Americans, for when we got back to Athens we heard at the Legation of some Englishmen who were refused permission to land on the island and had to knock about throughout the night in an open boat in the unsheltered harbor.

From the harbor we climbed up a

long ascent to the Monastery of Saint John, and were most courteously treated by the abbot and monks. They have still retained a splendid collection of sacred vessels and many documents of the greatest value. The church alone was worth the climb, for it has a wonderful decorated iconostasis. The building was the queerest jumble of rooms and staircases and tiny courts all apparently at different levels, but ultimately we got into the library and saw the precious manuscript in uncial letters of gold and silver on purple vellum. The color of the leaves was the nearest approach to the old imperial purple that I remember seeing. The art of preparing this from the sea-snail (*Murex*) has been lost, but they are at present making vigorous efforts to recover the mystery in the United States. Thirty-three leaves of this Codex are at Patmos and some of the others are scattered in Rome, London, and Vienna.

There are many other valuable treasures, not the least among which are some wonderful bindings. The monks also showed us some curious wooden boards which they bang with a wooden mallet, instead of ringing a bell, to summon the community to prayer or to feasting. But the most beautiful thing we saw in the Monastery of Saint John was the inscription over the door of their ancient library: *ψυχῆς λαρπεῖον*. Indeed, this was one of the most delightful things I saw during all our tour in Greece.

I never could make out what the monks in Greece did. Apparently they resembled our House of Peers who, during the Napoleonic wars,

Did nothing in particular
And did it very well.

They do not seem to take any part in preaching or any charitable care of the sick or poor. They appeared to lead a

quiet, contemplative life, though what they contemplated was not very clear. When they are not contemplating they carry on certain domestic tasks, and as a rule they make their own clothes, prepare their own food, and distill their own liqueurs, and in certain monasteries the monks cultivate their garden. In other monasteries they employ lay brothers for all outside work.

At any rate, these monkish gentlemen were not very learned, at least in modern matters. Of all the monks we met there was but one who could talk anything but his native language. Looking at the books and seeing how many of them were tattered, riddled with bookworm, and with broken backs, I could not help reflecting that it would not be a bad thing if one or two of the monks were trained as bookbinders. At any rate, they were proud of their books and pleased to show them.

After being restored by a white, creamy-cheese looking sweetmeat, which tasted like marshmallows, and a small glass of cognac, we visited the other monastery on the way down, that of the Apocalypse. Here, after descending some considerable number of steps, one discovered the cave where Saint John wrote his Revelation.

I, John . . . your brother . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos.

After seeing the cave, the guests were treated by the hospitable monks to quince jam and liqueurs.

The number of monasteries is declining. Under Capodistrias, nearly a century ago, three hundred were done away with, and twenty-five years ago there were only some twenty-five hundred monks and less than five hundred nuns in the kingdom; the latter enjoy greater liberty than their sisters in the Roman Church.

Altogether, there are some four thousand to five thousand inhabitants

of Patmos, who are practically all Greeks and Orthodox, there being very few Jews or Turks. These thousands are controlled by so small a number as a dozen Italian soldiers. I asked one of the privates how they managed to do it, and he replied that the inhabitants '*hanno paura*,' so I suppose the island is now ruled by moral suasion.

But if I could have my choice of all the Greek islands we visited I should certainly choose Santorini (Thera). It is the queerest possible island, but it has an extraordinary fascination. It is the most southern of the Cyclades, and it was thence we started for Crete. Santorini — called after Saint Irene, who was murdered there early in the fourth century, and sometimes known as Thera — is, in fact, the crater of a huge volcano. The edge of this crater is broken down in two places, thus making two inlets, one to the north and one to the south, and it has a few scattered small islands in the centre. The crater is extraordinarily deep and there is no anchorage except at one comparatively confined spot. In places the water is as warm as a hot bath and pumice stones were floating about on it. It is so impregnated with sulphur and other products of volcanic action that ships with foul bottoms repair thither. The sulphur has a fatal effect upon the barnacles, seaweed, and other encrusting organisms which do so much to diminish the speed of a seagoing vessel, and the ships leave these waters as clean as if they had been dry-docked. This particular part of the enclosed water basin is quite yellow and bubbling with gases very much as the waters of certain bathing-resorts bubble with various gases.

The wild, even horrible, aspect of the volcanic rocks has a fascination for me, and the white capital, perched on the edge of the volcano toward the northern limit, and the wonderful zigzag

path cobbled with blocks of lava which led from it to the harbor, formed a very appealing and human sight. Of all the islands we visited Santorini seemed to have the busiest people. Up and down the zigzag path the little donkeys were constantly passing, laden with goat-skins full of the *vino santo* which used to be exported in large quantities to Russia and now goes elsewhere, or with bags containing a certain lime which is resistant to sea-water and is hence in great demand for building ports and waterways. For instance, it has been very extensively used in the port of Alexandria and in the Suez Canal.

There is a feeling of life and bustle about the place and people which appeals strongly to one's sense of the picturesque. And in Santorini less than anywhere else were we bothered by crowds of people watching all our doings. They were very courteous, very

polite, very good-looking, and one handsome young sailor from Kos was extremely anxious to be photographed; but on the whole they were very unobtrusive. As everywhere else, the volcanic soil is highly fertile and, although there are no trees, vines and other crops flourish as they do on the slopes of Etna. There is something antiseptic in the soil, so that dead bodies remain unchanged, and this has given rise to many a superstition among the peasants, who believe in the existence of certain vampires or ghouls who have the power of bringing the dead to life and sending them forth to devour the living. These ghouls are known as *vrykolakas* (βρυκόλακας). They are common enough in Greece and among the Greek islands, but they are particularly abundant and potent at Santorini. Still, in spite of the ghouls, I want Santorini.

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY IN INDUSTRY

BY OSWALD SPENGLER

[The author of the epoch-making work, *Untergang des Abendlandes*, has just published a new book, *Neubau des Deutschen Reiches*, from which the following paragraphs are quoted.]

From *Neue Freie Presse*, May 16
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

MANUFACTURING is the most important element in modern economy. Since the application of natural forces to production has multiplied indefinitely the creative possibilities of man, a given area can support a population many times larger than it could in the days of agriculture and handicrafts. The expansion of manufacturing by machinery constantly calls for more men to

operate machines. This involves us in an endless circle. Human life becomes more valuable. Modern hygiene and sanitation strive to preserve it. We cannot dispense with a single producer. But *pari passu* machinery likewise becomes more precious, because it is indispensable for the support of those added human lives.

This circle of cause and effect ac-

counts for the tremendous growth of population in the civilized world during the last sixty years. That population is a product of machinery, and the very existence of the greater part of mankind depends on mechanism. This explains why great industrial countries are so intent upon securing uninterrupted and abundant supplies of raw materials and ample markets for their wares. These have become a matter of life and death for whole nations. The same condition explains why the industrial operative believes that he is the determining factor in modern society. In truth, his existence depends upon the survival of his industry, as does the existence of the entire population in excess of the number in 1800.

Manufacturing has become more important than agriculture. If the latter languishes, people may still live by exchanging their manufactures for imported food, but if industries languish, the excess population they support must emigrate or perish.

It is a great misfortune that industrial workers, through no fault of their own, have been victimized by a political doctrine the plausible force of which determines their whole conception of society. They have learned to look upon their class not as one factor in, but as the sum and goal of, economic evolution. This conviction makes them estimate falsely all the forces determining that evolution. While it is true that manufacturing is the controlling element in the economy of our age — and so far Marx is indisputably right — the machine, and not the man who runs the machine, is primarily responsible for the fact.

Besides the manual worker, we must have the engineer who has given manufacturing an intellectual content by converting our knowledge of natural laws into power over nature, and who

has made science the handmaid of production, so that each new natural law discovered becomes immediately one more lever placed in man's hands to lift the world. Next comes the industrialist, who converts an engineering process into an economic operation. The workingman resorts to the latter, is employed by him, and lives by virtue of his creative effort. The wage-earner can stop the wheels of industry, but he alone cannot keep them moving. He is not the only producer, as the disciples of Marx have hammered into his head. On the contrary, the developers and managers of industries work more, with greater intensity, sense of responsibility, and persistence, than he does.

There is managing labor as well as routine labor. Unless the two are joined modern industry cannot exist. Neither can survive without the other, for they are two parts of a single whole. Contrasted with both, however, is mere profiteering — speculation — which produces nothing, but is parasitic upon production.

During the earlier stages of the industrial revolution, the workingman lost his individuality. Man's scientific horizon broadened very suddenly during the eighteenth century, revealing almost at once the broad pattern that subsequent technical development was to fill in. Early attempts to accommodate industry to that new design were, compared with what we are doing today, exceedingly rude, clumsy, and mechanical. Now that the general outline of industry has been clearly traced in practice, the work of our generation is to refine and perfect it in special fields. Instead of making discoveries like the steam engine, which revolutionize all manufacturing processes at a single stroke, we elaborate highly specialized machinery for particular ends. Instead of merely burning coal for pow-

er, we convert it into a multitude of highly refined products. Every branch of modern industry is increasingly transfused with spirit — is an expression of brain work rather than muscular labor; its problems are in ever higher degree those of disciplined intelligence.

The leveling tendency that during the eighteenth century disintegrated the old crafts and guilds into an undifferentiated mass of factory operatives has been insensibly reversed into a trend toward labor aristocracy, manifesting itself by the selective stratification of workers of different grades of intelligence to meet the highly diversified needs of scientifically specialized production. This trend toward aristocracy reveals itself simultaneously in politics and in economics, for the two are but different aspects of the same social life-process. In politics this new force is breaking down our parliamentary institutions; in industry it is creating upper classes of educated hand-plus-brain workers — an outcome exactly the reverse of what Marx predicted, and of what would serve best the cause of Socialism.

Socialism's great disservice to the workingman was in destroying his pride in personal performance, in teaching him that to advance economically was to betray his class. That doctrine overlooks the fact that a full half of all our great industrialists are former workingmen. The only advancement that German Socialism tolerates, the only goal it sets before the workers' ambition, is a purely political career as a party secretary or a candidate for public office. Men of ability are taught to turn their backs on productive labor in order to win the esteem of their fellow workers. Wage-earners are conceived as an exclusive caste, upholding standards directly opposite to those of the rest of mankind. The Marxian theory identi-

fies with the same breath industrial workers and industry, and yet repudiates, as capitalist and imperialist, industrial expansion, new inventions, improved processes of production, economies of organization, the perpetual quest of raw materials, and the conquest of new markets.

No more urgent task faces popular educators to-day than to lift the incubus of this cynical theory from the minds of workingmen. The laboring class must be liberated from the duress of a doctrine that demands an oppressed class for its scheme of things. Technical progress is constantly broadening the opportunity of workers to become free personalities, to exercise a far-reaching influence over the organization and evolution of manufacturing, to raise up from their own ranks a generation of industrial leaders. Such ambitions should be implanted in the workingman's heart. He must be made conscious of his real power, which rests entirely in his personal intelligence and efficiency.

Qualities of leadership — such qualities alone — make men irreplaceable and indispensable. The public conscience must be aroused against any party and any programme that restricts leadership to promoting purely political and class interests; that condemns payment by results, that disparages industry, that confuses capacity with class treason, that ridicules self-improvement; that seeks instead to perpetuate the mechanical dead level that characterized the industrial operatives of a century ago, and willfully shuts its eyes to the rapid differentiation occurring among the workers of our present age. . . .

Even granting that labor may be a commodity, as the materialists of 1850 taught, it is also something more than that — it is personal service. The industrialist also labors, but he performs

a higher quality of service, without which he could not continue to hold his leadership in the industrial hierarchy. The gifted, hard-working, ambitious employee should regard such men as examples of opportunity set before himself. That ought to be the spontaneous attitude of every young workingman — it is an attitude that embraces the whole philosophy of life. He should also see that the leadership of labor belongs to those who work, to the most capable, prudent, responsible workingmen, and not to a horde of salaried officials recruited from journalists and lawyers, who live on the workers and play on their emotions to hold their jobs.

But on the other hand the industrialist must observe consistently the maxim that property is an obligation. The very concept of property, rightly apprehended, is permeated with the spirit of Socialism: property is a public trust. It must be regarded as a complex of opportunities to provide employment and happiness for others. There are two kinds of capitalists: the productive capitalist and the sterile capitalist — the entrepreneur and the speculator. The former owns an enterprise, the latter a sum of money; the former produces, the latter preys upon the product of others. For the first, money is an instrument of industry; for the second, it is a plaything in a game. . . .

Property implies a duty, and he who neglects that duty should have his property rights curtailed. No laws can be too strict in providing against the misuse of property. In particular our corporation law should protect productive enterprises against speculative exploitation, and guard with the utmost care the rights and security of investors.

Business enterprises are constantly exposed to another danger, which is often overlooked, but should be con-

stantly kept in mind. During their early history they are quick to recognize talent, and staff promotions are rapid. This explains the astounding early success of such firms as Siemens, Krupp, Borsig, and a hundred others. Since trusts have begun to monopolize great business fields, industrial management has become more bureaucratic. The talented man is not so quickly discovered or so readily placed where he is best qualified to serve. An inherent weakness of industrial concentration is this failure to breed competent successors for the leaders who founded and built up their constituent enterprises. . . . Personal control, personal ability, determine the success and prosperity of every branch of manufacturing, trade, and commerce, and such ability and initiative may be blighted as effectively by trust control as by state control. Both rob the man of creative mind of the freedom of action necessary to exercise his peculiar and independent gifts, and force him to conform rigidly with a prescribed scheme of things. Both alike discriminate against the exceptional man in favor of the mediocre man.

Every great business undertaking has a political side. Even if those who control it avoid active participation in politics, and take no direct interest in political questions, their very indifference has political consequences. Usually, however, it is more dangerous to confuse business and politics than to neglect politics altogether. Business policies may be an essential element in national policies, but they are no substitute for the latter. To overlook this is to court disaster. The economic life of mankind to-day functions through great organizations that are limited by political frontiers. We can therefore say that the existence of nations has an economic aspect; but it is still more accurate to insist that the political aspect

of national life is always the decisive aspect, and that failure to recognize this invariably involves unhappy consequences. . . .

The broad economic programme of the day should be: to breed an upper class of workers qualified to rise to the highest positions in industry; to cultivate their ambition in this direction; to

ensure competent successors for our present industrial pioneers by liberalizing the administrative organization of our great enterprises; and to insist that the ownership of productive wealth carries with it an obligation to the nation — an obligation that extends into the fields of higher politics and statesmanship.

A BOLSHEVIST INDEX EXPURGATORIUS

BY NADEZHDA KRUPSKAIA

[Nadezhda Krupskaya — Madame Lenin — is looming up in Russia as the real successor to her deceased husband. Her strength seems to lie in two facts: first, she knew Lenin's reasoning and views better than anyone else; and second, she is honest and sincere. The present rulers of Russia — Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Trotskii — seem to lack the confidence of the Russian masses. At least their sincerity is questioned. Their strength lies in their organizing, writing, and talking abilities. This article, which created a sensation in certain sections of the European press, is a striking document illustrating important phases of the Bolshevik intellectual programme.]

From Pravda, April 9
(MOSCOW COMMUNIST-PARTY OFFICIAL DAILY)

THE Library Section of the Central Office of Political Education — *Glavpolitprosvet* — is doing a great work. But 'only he who does not plough has no crooks in his furrow,' and during the last two years some errors have been made.

One was last spring. I signed a circular excluding unnecessary and harmful books from the people's libraries. We know how the libraries were organized, especially the 'people's' libraries before the revolution. They were filled with moralizing discourses, religious booklets reflecting the viewpoint of the Black Hundred, — such as the anti-Semitic *Visits of Our Lady to the Tortures*, — monarchistic twaddle, and the like. Such literature still remained in the libraries at many

places. Furthermore, on the shelves of provincial libraries there was still much patriotic literature from the time of the war, and other propaganda material written on topics current in 1917, such as the Constituent Assembly and the like. These libraries also contained many books and pamphlets interpreting decrees and laws which have long since been repealed; all of which was calculated to mislead the less-informed reader.

My circular discussed the necessity of excluding such literature from libraries intended for the masses. This was simply to defend their interests. The circular itself was not in error.

To the circular was added an unfortunate index of prohibited books, compiled by the Commission for Book

Revision. This was appended to the circular I signed without my having seen it; but as soon as I did see it the list was repealed.

Why was this index a mistake? First, because it missed the mark. It excluded from the people's libraries the writings of Plato, Kant, Ernst Mach, and idealists generally. These philosopher-idealists are harmful without doubt. But to have their works in the libraries intended for the peasants and workingmen is not harmful—it is immaterial: the masses do not read Kant. The list could not make any actual change in this respect. Much worse was the fact that the list of excluded 'religious' books was very limited.

The prohibition of certain works of Tolstoi and Kropotkin was a mistake. It is true that the world-view of Tolstoi, with his belief in God and Providence, does not belong to a school of thought which should be popularized. Concentrating on one's self, centring all efforts on one's own perfection, nonresistance to evil, appeals not to struggle against evil—all this is contrary to what we Communists are teaching the masses. And these appeals of Leo Tolstoi are especially harmful in view of his exceptional talent. Yet the general reader of the present day is already sufficiently saturated with collectivistic psychology; he is imbued with the fighting spirit. Therefore the sermons of Tolstoi are powerless to convert anyone; they only stimulate thinking. There is also nothing to be afraid of in the anarchistic tendencies of Kropotkin. Life demonstrates at every step that organization is a great power. Our recent experience has made the teachings of Tolstoi and Kropotkin unreal and ineffectual. Therefore the prohibition of their books is needless.

Consequently the odious list over

which so much noise was made by Russian émigrés and their foreign sympathizers was held up and repealed immediately after its publication.

The second error was that the Library Section overlooked a sentence which should have been expurgated from an otherwise very interesting and important article by A. A. Pokrovskii. In the last paragraph of his thesis the statement occurs that 'a religion which is entirely free of superstitions as to the interference of the Highest Powers in the affairs of this world, which does not put up bars against or set traps for science, which accepts in principle the entire real world, recognizable, if not "to the end," then at least "to where infinity begins"—such a religion, if it can be called a religion, is not in reality our enemy, and it is not the business of our libraries to combat it.'

Here Pokrovskii makes a gross error. Such a religion is no less harmful than any other religion. It confuses the minds of the people as much as any other religion; it diverts them from the struggle for a new life, from the establishment of a real brotherhood of man upon earth. The fact that such a new religion hides behind science, acts under cover, smuggles God in, throws dust in the eyes,—the fact that it works with refined instruments,—makes it even more dangerous.

Pokrovskii, as is seen in all his essays, believes the aim of our libraries to be 'the final establishment of positive atheism in the mind of man, and the spreading of propaganda for a comprehensive, logical, materialistic world-view.' He describes how such propaganda should be conducted. His theses contain many highly valuable suggestions, which certainly must be adopted by our popular libraries if they are to proceed correctly. Pokrovskii has had great experience and has great love for his work; he has already

labored long shoulder to shoulder with the Communists. We Communists have learned much from him and value him.

Yet he believes that, thanks to our low level of culture, an enlightened, or purely rationalist, religion cannot hurt us, and in general that 'a wedge can be driven out by another wedge.'

This is his error. To measure the harm of enlightened religion is indeed a hard task, but this does not change the situation. The Glavpolitprosvet should not have permitted this sentence

to pass. Needless to say, that cannot affect our relations with this valued worker. Our duty is to apply in practice the maxim of Vladimir Ilich (Lenin): 'We must know how to build Communism with non-Communist hands.'

To allow the assertion that an enlightened religion is harmless to pass without refutation would signify that this maxim is not understood. On the other hand, to condemn such a worker as Pokrovskii would imply an equal misunderstanding of the maxim.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE AT WEMBLEY

BY LUDOVIC NAUDEAU

[Ludovic Naudeau is one of the 'great reporters' referred to in the article on French newspaper-making which appeared in two recent issues of the Living Age. He is a frequent contributor to L'Illustration.]

From *L'Illustration*, May 17
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

TAKING advantage of the hesitating favors of a doubtful sun, I have passed in lengthy review the immensities of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, and I still retain the impression made by my first glimpse of it: the British Empire Exhibition is an allegory of power and wealth, a significant summing-up of infinite resources on a world-wide scale, a display that needs only beauty to be perfect. 'But,' you ask me, 'how can anything even pretend to perfection if it lacks beauty?'

In the first place, the Exhibition is not wholly destitute of beauty. It has certain halfway splendors which we French should not despise, and some-

times I ask myself whether the rigors of an abominable spring are not more at fault than the architects who built Wembley. Every moment the dull skies are wrapped in a funereal pall of clouds, or else melted into fogs which dull all the colors and veil all the contours of the Exhibition. How hard it is to imagine a tropical scene in this foggy climate, where everything is wet and rainy!

Let us admit that the location of London teaches Frenchmen a great and lasting lesson in colonization. It makes us understand why men born in such a climate as this are willing to depart into the uttermost ends of the earth in quest of a more agreeable habitat. But

we may readily blunder if we trust this line of thought too far, for, whatever we may say, there is no denying that the greatest capital on earth has sprung up at the mouth of the Thames. London alone includes seven million inhabitants, while the whole department of the Bouches-du-Rhone has less than one. What Marseille gave to its colonial exposition was its light, its smiling sun, its memory of the Orient, its golden air which transfigures things that transferred to the coasts of the North Sea seem cold and stiff. What London gives its Exhibition is an unnumbered public and an incomparable gateway opening to the world. From Johannesburg comes word that the South African general elections may be affected because twenty thousand colonists, mostly partisans of General Smuts, are at this very moment on their way to the metropolis.

No doubt it is too late to try to describe the splendors of the opening on the twenty-third of April, and I myself have retained only general impressions — details which, emerging from the episodes of the moment, serve to illustrate the dominant characteristics of the English race.

No country in the world knows so well as England how to organize great national ceremonies. Germany herself, in spite of her discipline, and Imperial Russia, in spite of the magnificence of the autocratic régime, never offered ceremonials which could compare with the Jubilee of Queen Victoria celebrated in 1897, or with the funeral of that great sovereign; and as for processions and official solemnities in our own France, they are not to be compared with these other magnificences. Let us be honest enough to admit that ours are veritable stampedes, where each man acts as suits his own good pleasure and where an agreeable air of go-as-you-please replaces

prescribed decorum. *Mon Dieu, ouï!* Let us admit our own evident inferiorities if we are to have the right to value in their own place certain of our gifts.

Recall what you can of Imperial Rome and then try to imagine this immense gray circus at Wembley, this new concrete Coliseum, the greatest stadium in the world. Imagine 125,000 spectators assembled; imagine an expanse of green lawn almost too green to seem natural, a lawn that one might mistake for a velvet carpet carefully cared for, something that looks more like a stage decoration than anything the earth produces. Over it, with automatic movements, the soldiers in their gold and scarlet tunics — soldiers as red as red can be, who are made still taller by monumental bearskins — take their places first of all. These are the massed bands of the Guard regiments. One end of the immense oval disappears beneath a structure of gold and purple. Twenty columns of coral-red support its roof, on which is placed a kind of aerial blockhouse, elegantly constructed, concealing the apparatus that is presently to broadcast the words of the King far and wide; and above the dais gleams the Imperial crown that testifies to the unity of the British world. This is the royal tribune where already the princes, the high dignitaries, the organizers of the Exhibition, colonial leaders, and the diplomatic corps are waiting for the Sovereign's arrival; and there, at the other end of the stadium, very far away, is a great spot of white — three thousand choristers in their white surplices.

Acclamations. Gleams of steel. A flash of helmets and cuirasses. Here come the Court carriages entering the circus at a gentle trot amid their dazzling escort of Horse Guards! Slowly the splendid cortège makes the tour of the immense arena, offering itself to

the eyes of the devotees, quite like the dazzling *cuadrilla* which in a Spanish *plaza de toros* defiles at the feet of spectators, adorned with gold and silver. No one need see any disrespect in such a comparison, irresistibly suggested as it is by a spectacular analogy with which it is impossible not to be impressed. Here is reality — Old England acclaiming herself in the persons of her beloved Sovereigns. It pleases the English taste to keep up with pomp and majesty a monarchic tradition, all of whose externals they delight to preserve. Here the King and the Queen are the representatives of monarchy rather than monarchs. In this incomparable tourney, in the spectacle which is shown us, every one of whose details has been worked out in advance with minute care, it is apparent that the King and Queen are nothing but the leading figures in a world of national functionaries, the first puppets in a world of puppets, each one of whom is meticulously adjusted to play its rôle well.

What is to be symbolized here, what must be brought to the eyes of the various envoys of the colonies, is the power and the unity of the Empire; and this is what the cavalcade of this good King and his good Queen — whose very existence is a symbol — is meant to signify. That is what these splendid coaches, drawn by six chargers caparisoned with gold and crimson, that is what these outriders and postilions and lackeys in their three-cornered hats and liveries fringed with gold, are meant to signify — all these people, adorned with lace, marvelously gilded, storified as if to play their parts in a fairy tale from the days of chivalry. At this moment, before all these archaic costumes, before this solemn procession of the musicians of the Guard, before these grenadiers who recall the time of the Crimean War,

before all this evocation of a glorious past, one can almost imagine that England has forgotten the World War, the German Zeppelins sailing over London, and how much else besides! Did all that ever exist? I have to make an effort to recall those khaki-clad British Tommies whom I saw recently in Cologne, in order to come back to reality and assure myself that all this splendor is after all nothing but a stage-setting, the representation of the moment in which one pushes to its extreme the Empire's dignity and splendor. It is a grand and magnificent illumination in any case, a spectacle which, without eclipsing the unforgettable scenes of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, recalls them and shows us how England is perpetually welding to the new acquisitions of her progress the memories of her past.

Still the same as she has always been, we find Old England, and after the King's speech, which is admirably broadcasted through the stadium by the loud speakers, the Bishop of London has his turn and prays. . . .

While the Bishop of London, over there beneath the royal dais, was finishing his prayer, I perceived a remarkable stir spreading among the spectators in the tribune, where my place chanced to be. Every face was turned in one direction, and there was an impression of intense curiosity, of limitless admiration, of warm sympathy. Everyone was saying: 'Douglas Fairbanks! Mary Pickford!'

Yes, yes. The two richest Have-you-seen-me's were here close beside me, in an aureole of glory, and as I gazed upon them the nearness of those illustrious presences made me feel my own self-respect growing within me. No doubt if someone had said to the distinguished persons present at the inauguration of the Exhibition that a famous foreign scholar or some great American

poet was there they might have contained their emotion; but dare I admit that for the privilege of contemplating these two 'stars of the screen' many of the enthusiastic spectators went so far as to neglect the official ceremony? British reserve failed for once. Let me bear witness that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks comported themselves with tact and discretion — but in vain! In the part of the stadium where I found myself these two attractions completely eclipsed the King, the Queen, the Horse Guards, and the Bishop of London. Such, in the twentieth century, is the hierarchy of celebrities.

When the official cortège had gone, a huge throng spread itself through the Exhibition. This good British public, lacking the sense of the ridiculous that a French public would have, scarcely observed at the gates of one pavilion a group of young odalisques in flowing Turkish trousers, charged with the duty of distributing prospectuses. Under their thin burlesque of Oriental garb, — apple green, the red of sunrise, — these luckless girls fell victims to a chilly spring. You could see them shivering as if in protest against the injustice of a fate which compelled them to play the part of bayadères under the blasts of a wind come straight from Norway.

Running the whole length of the Exhibition is a kind of artificial lake, upon which new boats were floating from the very opening hour of the Exhibition. All kinds of people, who could have canoed much more conveniently upon the Thames or the Serpentine, tried to make their way by boat through Wembley, and thus it was that they began to study the treasures of the colonies. The crowd, likewise, precipitated itself upon the giant Russian mountains, the wooden horses, and the roller coasters. It in-

vaded grottoes and subterranean structures and amused itself with *jeux de massacre*.

And yet here we are — I kept thinking — in the country which created parliamentarism, which founded democracy and liberty. How much democracy is there in conditions like this?

A few days later two or three hundred special trains brought a hundred thousand men to Wembley, who had not even come to see the Exposition. They occupied the stadium, where they watched two teams kick a leather ball about, cheered vociferously, took a walk among the palaces and pavilions, and then returned, quite content, to their distant provinces.

The enormous size of the principal palaces impressed me even more than on my first visit. Those of Canada, of Australia, and of India are regular exhibitions in themselves, worlds within a world.

To enumerate everything that I have seen would force me to elaborate a catalogue that would fill many numbers of *L'Illustration*. So I shall not try it. I have even given up the attempt to take notes, believing that what would later emerge automatically from my memory would provide me with a superabundance of material. As I write these lines, I remember the Australian pavilion and recall my thoughts as I stood before some gold nuggets whose huge size made my heart leap. Some were as big as two fists together, others were as big as an average skull. What marvelous bullion! What riches scattered by the caprice of Nature in that fortunate country! And what disturbing inscriptions: 'Value, 6868 pounds'; 'Value, 8780 pounds'; 'Value, 7550 pounds'! It is incredible! In this single showcase several millions are shut up! But as I looked more atten-

tively at a kind of big sponge, a fungus-like excrescence with sinuous lines of virgin gold, a tiny crack revealed the fact that I had before me a simple plaster cast, very like those painted pasteboard hams which give a fraudulent fillip to the appetite in the show windows of certain delicatessen stores. One disenchantment the more! One more doubt cast upon the reality of the external world!

In the Canadian Palace I daydreamed a long time before a rustic scene which represented the Prince of Wales, life-size, standing beside his horse on his ranch. Both the Prince and his background have been modeled by a careful sculptor *out of butter!* And so the heir to the throne may come and gaze upon his effigy fashioned out of a precious article of diet, and kept in an appropriate state of refrigeration behind its glass, a triumph of the Canadian farmer, the apotheosis of loyalty, the glorification of butter — and a symbol of the precariousness of human affairs as well, for the slightest accidental change in temperature would suffice to annihilate the marvel.

On the day of the inauguration King George, the Prince of Wales, and the Bishop of London all made speeches of lofty humanitarian aspiration, which made it seem as if Great Britain were slowly abandoning that imperialistic pride we used to know — an evolutionary process that bears witness to a profound wisdom. And yet, when we went into the British Palace, we saw, among other marvels, a model of the world in relief on a planisphere, set in water representing the oceans, with various ships plying ceaselessly upon that liquid expanse — each one of them, without exception, sailing either from England or to England. The rest of Europe did not count.

No doubt the British marine is the greatest in the world. We know it, and

we do not mind; and yet, poor foreigners though we are, we cannot help feeling a little humiliated if we are reminded of it with too much insistence and exclusiveness, and we find ourselves tempted to reply to all the fine speeches of our friends with a blunt: 'Practise what you preach.'

Noting the lack of beauty with which the British Empire Exhibition is reproached, I sought to learn its causes. In the first place, in the strictly English palaces, like those of Canada and Australia, our neighbors have categorically abandoned 'expositional ornamentation' of the classic sort — that is, statues of Prosperity, personifications of Commerce, groups of Labor, nude Herculeses brandishing hammers, and unveiled women carrying cornucopias. None of these traditional features appear. The academic allegories have been shown so long in bronze, in stone, and in plaster, that it is hard to do anything new, and the English architects have resolutely discarded in their plans all these conventional personages, all these Mercuries, all these muscular blacksmiths — the whole tedious mythology. But the French mind is so made that it finds something wanting, and for lack of them it senses a barren emptiness. Geniuses will arise again some day to invent new symbols, new compositions not yet conceived — but when? This time, in Wembley at least, they have not put in an appearance.

The interior of the palaces, the pictures, and the diagrams are huge and rich and numerous, and often they are ingeniously supplemented by automatic machinery. Trains are running about, machines are working, herds are passing, or ships sailing, but their artistic execution is manifestly inferior to what we do every day in France. Sometimes they are only gross fabrications in which it would be impossible to

speak of art, even of a secondary and inferior sort.

The Chinese street, set up by the colony in Hongkong, is of great interest, but anyone who knows his China can see at every turn that the imitation was secured by inadequate means; that the makers have been content with approximations with which we French, accustomed as we are to more care and more minute perfection, would never have been satisfied.

One might push the present discussion further and show that this difference in execution is due to the fundamental difference in the psychology of the two races; but it is useless. We have said enough, and moreover our neighbors across the Channel, who

planned these exhibitions for the multitude, may have some right on their side in not devoting too much art, too much investigation, to improvisations which are destined to fall ere winter. 'Caviare to the general,' as Shakespeare says when he means us to understand that condiments too refined are not to be offered to the throng, to the million. The British Empire Exhibition is designed to receive twenty or thirty millions of cockneys, merchants, colonials, and planters, and for the purpose it is well conceived, as instructive as could be wished, truly rich, colossal; and such as it is it constitutes a grandiose symbol of the limitless resources of the Empire. Those who planned it had no other purpose.

PROLOGUE

BY HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

[Forced out of Berlin by the commercializing of the theatre, Reinhardt, the great German producer, has set himself up in Vienna. The Austrian dramatist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who has been nearly as much associated with Reinhardt as with Richard Strauss, wrote this dramatic sketch for the opening of his new theatre, taking over the conventional Italian characters of Goldoni's eighteenth-century drama and dexterously interweaving his own lines with those of Goldoni. An account of the Theater in der Josefstadt appears elsewhere in this issue.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, April 20
(LIBERAL DAILY)

The curtain rises. The stage-setting for Goldoni's 'Servant of Two Masters' is already in place and the characters of the first scene — the DOCTOR, PANDOLFO, and TEBALDO — are beginning their lines.

DOCTOR. So let it be.

(TRUFFALDINO is visible in the wings,

attempting to peer across the stage into the audience.)

PANDOLFO (proceeding, though sadly disturbed by a glimpse of TRUFFALDINO). A betrothal to-day and a wedding to-morrow, since our young people are so much in love. You shall be one of the witnesses. (He motions TRUFFALDINO to disappear.)

TEBALDO. A great honor! (TRUFFALDINO, with SMERALDINA behind him, tries to peer out at the audience.)

TEBALDO (repeating himself in an effort to conceal the interruption). A great honor!

PANDOLFO. We may well say that Heaven had a hand in it. (*Aside*) What does that fool want? Too soon, Truffaldino! Get out! Too soon!

(*The DOCTOR looks around uneasily.*)

PROMPTER (*very loud*). Except for the sudden death of young Rasponi —

PANDOLFO (*energetically*). Except for the sudden death of young Rasponi we should never have become brothers-in-law.

(SMERALDINA is trying to keep TRUFFALDINO, whose curiosity can hardly be contained, from marching out upon the stage.)

TEBALDO. What! Is young Rasponi dead?

(TRUFFALDINO breaks from SMERALDINA's grasp and rushes out. Before uttering a single word, he tries to get a position where he can see the whole audience, and begins his lines with obvious nervousness.)

TRUFFALDINO. Moreover, I have the honor to be your Excellency's most humble and respectful servant and friend.

TEBALDO. What! The young Rasponi is dead? (To TRUFFALDINO) Vanish! Get out! You came on too soon.

PANDOLFO and PROMPTER (*together*). Dead! Why, he was killed. Killed among a lot of wild youngsters.

INSPECTOR (*to TRUFFALDINO*). Come back here. You get out of that.

DOCTOR (*to TRUFFALDINO*). No argument now. Get out! You came on too soon. Go away, before the public notices anything.

PROMPTER. His sister's lover whom he could not endure —

(PANDOLFO misses the cue.)

DOCTOR. If we don't get this fellow

off stage, he will ruin our play before it has begun.

(*The INSPECTOR, down stage left, makes signs to TRUFFALDINO to go back.*)

TRUFFALDINO. Let me have a look — just one look at the new theatre. One gets so curious, you know. Such a fine audience, so many pretty women! And all so keen about the theatre, all so keen about us! I'm no block of wood. I have a heart in my breast, I want to get acquainted. (*The other actors prepare to remove him forcibly from the stage.*) There is something exciting in such a sight. There's something in the air! It's like meeting a person of whom we have heard a great deal, a man who could do a great deal for us if we happened to please him. I want to make a good impression.

PEDANT (*crossing his arms*). Then make a good impression when it's time for your acting.

TRUFFALDINO. Oh, precious little you know about the world! It all depends on how a man presents himself. The first moment is what counts — the way it is with women, you know. A word too little and the finest opportunity is lost.

FIRST ACTOR. But a word too much spoils everything!

SECOND ACTOR. We have made up our minds not to have any speech-making, but to appear on this stage in all modesty. Many a play has been performed on these boards, and all we can do is to go on playing. Our group is suspected of all kinds of ambition and people will not endure from us what they might from others.

THIRD ACTOR. We must not try to tell people who have seen 'The Glass of Water' played in the Burgtheater the right way to act.

TRUFFALDINO (*quietly*). You can't persuade me that the ladies and gentlemen (*he edges closer to the footlights*)

don't want a greeting from me. They look as if they did.

FOURTH ACTOR (*pulling him back*). If we start speechmaking, they will bear us a grudge as actors.

FIFTH ACTOR. But if we keep silence, they will think we are conceited.

TRUFFALDINO (*still very quietly*). Let me say just a few words — just a few words without a bit of pathos. (*The rest block his way.*)

PEDANT. The people want to see our plays acted as well as we can act them. That's all they want. (*Raising his voice*) Γλαῦκ' εἰς Ἀθήνας! It's like taking owls to Athens to expect the Viennese public —

(*All the voices begin to get louder and louder.*)

ONE. We want to hold the mirror up to our contemporaries! That's what they expect of us!

ANOTHER ONE. No, no! They want to forget their contemporaries — that's why they go to the theatre.

A THIRD ONE. Not a bit of it! They want to escape from the theatre.

THE SECOND. No, they like things theatrical.

THE FIRST. What they want is to have the actor get back where he belongs, behind the poet.

A FIFTH. Not a bit of it. They want the actor to come to the front. They don't care anything about the play itself.

PEDANT. It's carrying owls to Athens, to expect the Viennese public —

A SIXTH. They want something up to date, something modern. They want Strindberg.

THE SECOND. They don't want Strindberg — they want their own Grillparzer and Raimund.

A SEVENTH. They don't want Grillparzer and they don't want Raimund. That's a lie. Who wants any such antiques as they are?

TRUFFALDINO (*trying to make him-*

self heard). Just a couple of words, please, without a bit of pathos. Just a glance at the gallery where the young people are. (*His voice grows louder and more appealing.*)

THE FIRST. They want to see something dealing with their own period.

PEDANT (*declaiming*). Things past are but pale images which here attain reality.

ANOTHER. They don't want people talking to them.

STILL ANOTHER. Oh yes, they do want people talking to them, but it must be something they want to hear.

TRUFFALDINO (*as above*). Just a couple of words. A very few words, without a bit of pathos in them.

ANOTHER ONE. But the public do not know what they want to hear.

ANOTHER. Then they must want what we want.

ANOTHER. No, we want them to want what we want.

PEDANT. It's carrying owls to Athens, to expect the Viennese public —

(*They are all talking at once. The call bell begins to sound. Even those who are not in this scene have come out on the stage by this time.*)

TRUFFALDINO. Just a couple little words. I might do something to please you.

AN ACTOR (*to PANTALON*). Why don't you shut him up? He's your son.

THE THREE YOUNG GIRLS OF THE PLAY. What have they to do with it? What do they want, anyhow?

COQUETTE (*in man's clothes*). They don't want to let him speak and that's a mistake. This is a city where people like talking.

TRUFFALDINO. Do you hear that?

COQUETTE. And it is a stupid trick to miss a chance to do something to please the public, because we actors depend on public favor.

TRUFFALDINO. Just what I say!

COQUETTE. For there is a certain

well-known fluid that we need. If we can't get it, we are neither agreeable nor charming, nor gifted. You ought to tell the public that a bond is being formed between them and us to-day that will be successful only if both of us take part in the play. It's a sad thing in every friendship if one party does all the receiving and none of the giving —

TRUFFALDINO (*chiming in eagerly and taking the words from her lips as he stands at her left hand*) — all the receiving and none of the giving.

COQUETTE (*stopping his mouth with her left hand*) — and none of the giving. Of course, you must not say it to them quite that way. You must say it so that it has an air of its own. Somebody must have put it into proper words, somewhere or other, before this. But if nobody has the written lines let him go ahead and say it as well as he can.

ALL THE ACTORS (*together*). Let him talk.

TRUFFALDINO. Yes, let me say a couple of words that I have in my heart.

ANOTHER. Intelligible, mind you.

A THIRD. With feeling.

TRUFFALDINO. That's my strong point.

A FOURTH. Sharp and clear!

A FIFTH. But no pathos about it.

TRUFFALDINO. I'll do it! I'll do it!

A SIXTH. With quiet restraint.

A SEVENTH. With humor.

AN EIGHTH. With discreet —

TRUFFALDINO. With discreet humor! You take the words from my lips.

THE FIRST. But leave out the wit.

TRUFFALDINO. Leave out the wit?

A SECOND. None of your cleverness!

A THIRD. No lauding of the past!

A FOURTH. No appeal to the future!

A FIFTH. And don't you go fooling around with the present!

TRUFFALDINO. Not a word about any of them.

A SIXTH. Don't talk to them about literature. They don't like it!

A SEVENTH. And nothing about politics. They don't know anything about it!

TRUFFALDINO. Oh, let me alone, let me alone!

AN EIGHTH. But remember that they are democrats nowadays — no distinctions.

TRUFFALDINO. Of course, of course!

THE FIRST. Put in a good deal of shading.

TRUFFALDINO. I have it in my little finger.

THE SECOND. No soft soap now!

TRUFFALDINO. How can you think it of me?

A WOMAN'S VOICE. You'll make a mistake if you leave out the soft soap.

TRUFFALDINO. She's right about that.

A THIRD. Don't tell them how serious we are. They would n't like it.

TRUFFALDINO. I know how to begin.

A FOURTH. Don't talk about our programme. Don't talk about our plans.

TRUFFALDINO. Oh dear, oh dear!

A FIFTH. Be sure not to talk frivolously about us, because we are very serious in what we are bringing them.

TRUFFALDINO. I'll remember.

A SIXTH. Don't neglect anybody.

A SEVENTH. Don't show preference for anybody!

THE FIRST. Remember, there are business men and lawyers and doctors out there.

THE SECOND. Weary, melancholy men.

THE THIRD. A little bit of cheerfulness won't come amiss.

TRUFFALDINO. Is n't that my specialty?

THE FOURTH. But they are Viennese, remember — born Phœacians — happy pessimists!

THE FIFTH. Don't encroach on their seriousness —

TRUFFALDINO. How can you think it!

THE SIXTH. Don't disturb their carefree mood.

THE SEVENTH. Don't contradict any of their prejudices!

TRUFFALDINO. I'll be careful.

THE EIGHTH. Remember, the critics are sitting down there.

THE FIRST. Don't get the idea that you can flatter *them*!

TRUFFALDINO. Is it like me?

THE SECOND. Still less put them in a bad temper.

AN ACTRESS. And be very sure to remember that you say everything each of us has told you!

SEVERAL VOICES. Everything we've told you!

THE FIRST. At least as much as there is time for.

THE SECOND. Without any circumlocution.

THE THIRD. Say it in ten words: we are here and we intend — Tell them what we intend.

THE FOURTH. We want to act plays in the good old way —

THE FIFTH. But at the same time we also —

THE SIXTH. Yes, yes, of course, in the new ways too.

THE FIRST. In so far, of course, as the new is the old, for we have no intention of tangling them up with novelties —

ANOTHER ONE. On the other hand, however — but naturally — in spite —

THE THIRD. In so far as we are moderns —

THE SAME ACTRESS AS ABOVE. Good heavens, it is n't so very hard, is it? We greet in them the public of a city that —

ANOTHER ACTRESS. No, we greet in this public the spirit of a city that —

ANOTHER ONE. A city that has always —

STILL ANOTHER. A city that has always been with us even when we were playing elsewhere.

THE FIRST ACTRESS. And to which we come now not on a visit, but to make our home!

THE SECOND. Yes, be sure you say that!

THE THIRD. But in very few words!
THE FOURTH. And go right along with it.

THE FIFTH. And none of your educated highfalutin' language.

THE SIXTH. The word 'modernism' — cut that out of your dictionary!

THE SEVENTH. But the word 'tradition' at the same time might seem appropriate to the people in this place.

THE EIGHTH. In short, speak just exactly what you feel.

THE FIRST. But don't let any improper words slip in.

ALL (*together*). Do you understand, now?

(*TRUFFALDINO looks hopelessly about.*)

ALL (*together*). Well, then, speak!
(*They make room for him.*)

(*TRUFFALDINO comes forward toward the audience as if to speak, stops, and his face betrays a dismay which he adroitly masters.*)

TRUFFALDINO. I have nothing left to say. They (*he points to the actors*), they have taken it all away from me with their eagerness. It is for you to draw your own conclusions, how eager we all are to win your favor — and to serve you. (*He bows, and all the actors bow also.*)

INSPECTOR. The play is beginning. Everyone not in the first scene, off the stage, please. Enter the DOCTOR, PANDOLFO, and TEBALDO.

THE FAILURE

BY JAMES HILTON

From the *Manchester Guardian*, May 19
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN Mr. Plender, aged fifty, became a clerk at Murdock's he told nobody that twenty-five years before he had actually written a novel. And yet this was, and always would be, the central fact in his life, though his pride in it was subtly compounded with shame at his subsequent decline in the world. It was not only that he had failed — the best people did that sometimes; it was that he, personally, was a failure. He knew it. At thirty he had been able to deny it; at forty there had been perhaps a shadow of doubt; but at fifty there could be no doubt at all. Luckily it was not hard to preserve an incognito at Murdock's. Nobody there had ever heard of *The Wind in the Rushes*; indeed, nobody at Murdock's seemed at all interested in books of any kind.

At fifty-five Mr. Plender was still incognito, and still, moreover, a clerk with the same rank and salary. Many of the staff openly ridiculed him, and all, from the office boy upward, treated him as of no account. He did not play golf; he never used slang; he had no obvious pastimes or enthusiasms; in short, he was an old fogey.

And then one morning came young Snaith, the first new member of the staff since Plender himself. Snaith was a shy, bright-faced, eager-eyed, almost girlish-looking youngster in his early twenties, and at the end of his first day, as he passed Mr. Plender in the porch, he said, 'Good night, sir.' Possibly he mistook him for somebody important. But it was the first mark of respect that anybody had shown Mr.

Plender for years, and even the likelihood that it had been due in part to a misapprehension could not take away all its power. Plender warmed to it. That night he dreamed dreams of a deep friendship springing up between himself and young Snaith, a friendship as of a father for a youngest son.

The very next day fate seemed to play into his hands, for during the lunch interval he saw young Snaith studying a typed manuscript, and a casual inquiry elicited the rather shy answer, 'Oh, it's only a story I've written. I try — sometimes, you know — to get things in the papers.'

'Really?' exclaimed Mr. Plender, his heart beating wildly within him. 'Do you? Now that's extremely interesting. I — I wonder if I could — help you — at all. I do — I have done — just a little in that line myself.' But he added warningly: 'I would n't tell any of the others if I were you. They'd only scoff.'

He asked Snaith to tea in his rather dingy furnished rooms. In a conspicuous place on his bookshelves was his own private copy of *The Wind in the Rushes*. The boy — for he thought of him merely as a boy — had promised to bring along some of his work, and he intended to go over it with him, making suggestions and giving general literary advice. And then, as a final sensation, he would tell him his own strange secret — about the novel that was the one solitary achievement of his life. He waited for that moment as a starved man waits for a meal. Somebody would

respect him at last; somebody would be interested in him — would not think him so ordinary and humdrum and insignificant.

Snaith came, bringing his manuscript, and as soon as Mr. Plender began to look at it he perceived that it was very bad indeed. He was quite frank. 'You've a long way to travel yet, my lad. This' — he patted the manuscript as benevolently as years before a hopeful publisher had patted his — 'this shows undoubted promise, but more than that I should not care to affirm. To begin with, you must avoid the cliché. You should never write such phrases as "by dint of an almost superhuman effort" and "fell with a sickening thud." And, in general, I think there is far too much action in your work and not enough psychology. Of course, no doubt I am rather old-fashioned.' He paused, smiling, and reached down *The Wind in the Rushes*. 'Now here's a little thing of my own which I published — oh, quite a number of years ago. I will lend it to you, and perhaps when you read it you will see more clearly what I mean. Especially the chapter entitled "Nymphs and Fauns." Only please don't show or mention it to any of the office people. They have no interest in literature.' He added softly: 'You — and I — are in a different world.'

A week later Snaith returned the book with a vague and slightly embarrassed 'Very nice. Awfully good of you to lend it me.'

'Not at all,' murmured Mr. Plender. 'Oh, not at all. I hope it may have helped you in your own work. Had any luck yet?'

'Not yet.'

Mr. Plender smiled. 'Ah well, as I said, you have a long way to travel yet.

Keep at it — keep at it. And come to me whenever you want any help.'

But young Snaith did not come to Mr. Plender for help, nor did the friendship prosper as the latter had hoped. And one morning Mr. Plender arrived at the office to find Snaith surrounded by a crowd. He had had a story accepted by the *Purple Magazine*, and was telling everybody about it. And they, the Philistines, were shouting, 'Splendid!' and 'Congrats, old man!'

'I am very pleased,' Mr. Plender forced himself to say. 'Though I am afraid I don't know the — er — the *Purple Magazine*.' But nobody took any notice of him; perhaps nobody even heard him.

A fortnight later Murdock sent for him. 'Ah, Plender — I shall want you to manage Snaith's work for a short time, till we get somebody else.'

'Why — is he leaving?'

'Leavin'? I should jolly well think he's *not*! I'm givin' him a chance as my private secretary. Enterprisin' young feller — deserves encouragement. Had a story in some magazine the other day — damned good, I thought it. Interestin' hobby, and profitable. Everybody ought to have some sort of a hobby. *You* ought to, Plender.'

Mr. Plender to-day, at the age of sixty, can reflect that his unfavorable opinion of Snaith's literary capacities was quite correct. The story in the *Purple Magazine* was a mere fluke, and anyhow, as deputy-head of Murdock's, Snaith has not the time, even if he had the desire, for story-writing. When he sees Plender now he would not dream of calling him 'Sir'; he just nods curtly and says, 'Morning, Plender.' His own private opinion — also correct — is that Plender is a failure.

RHODES SCHOLARS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

From the *Daily Telegraph*, June 7
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

WHEN Mr. Rhodes was brooding over his scheme of the scholarships, he used to say, 'The game is to get them to knock up against each other *qua* students. After they have done that for three years at Oxford, they'll never forget it *qua* individuals.' Accordingly he so arranged what he called his 'game' that each man, bringing with him that side of his head which belonged to the important land of his birth, was put in the way of getting another side to his head by men belonging to other not unimportant countries.

It is an asset toward prosperity, even for those whose lot will be cast altogether in one land, to get full and first-hand information about the men they will meet later. You know the formula better than I. The style of a man's play, plus the normal range of his vices, divided by the square of his work, and multiplied by the coefficient of his nationality, gives not only his potential resistance under breaking-strain, but indicates, within a few points, how far he may be trusted to pull off a losing game. This knowledge can only be acquired in the merciless intimacy of one's early days. After that one has to guess at the worth of one's friends or enemies; but youth — which, between ourselves, sometimes knows almost as much about some things as it thinks it always does about everything — can apply its own tests on its own proving grounds, and does not forget the results.

Rhodes and Jameson, for example, did not draw together impersonally

over the abstract idea of Imperial service. They had tried each other out long before, across the poker-tables of the Kimberley Club, beside the death-beds of friends, and among the sudden and desperate emergencies of life on the diamond fields. So when their work began neither had to waste time in reading up the other's references. They simply fell into step side by side, and there they remained till death parted them.

When the scholarships were first created, one was afraid that Mr. Rhodes's large and even-handed mixing-up of unrelated opposites might infect weaker souls with the middle-aged failings of toleration, impartiality, or broad-mindedness. And you know, gentlemen, that when these symptoms break out on a young man it is a sure sign of early death or — of a leaning toward practical politics. Fortunately, what one has seen and heard since then proves that one's fears were groundless.

There is a certain night, among several, that I remember, not long after the close of the war, when a man from Melbourne and a man from Montreal set themselves to show a couple of men from the South and the Middle West that the Constitution of the United States was not more than 150 years out of date. At the same time, and in the same diggings, a man from California was explaining to a man from the Cape, with the help of some small hard apples, that no South African fruit was fit to be sold in the same market as the Californian product.

The ring was kept by an ex-private of Balliol who, having eaten plum-and-apple jam in the trenches for some years, was a bigoted anti-frutitarian. He assured me that none of them would be allowed to kill each other, because they were all wanted whole on the river next day; but even with murder barred there was no trace of toleration till exhaustion set in. Then somebody made a remark which — I have had to edit it a little — ran substantially as follows: 'Talking of natural resources, does n't it strike you that what we've all got most of is howling provincialism?'

That would have delighted Rhodes. It was just the sort of thing that he himself would have jerked out, half aloud, at a Cabinet meeting, and expanded for minutes afterward.

I suggest this because when you move up into the line, and the gods who sell all things at a price are dealing you your places and your powers, you may find it serviceable, for ends outside yourself, to remind a friend on the far side of the world of some absurd situation or trivial event which parallels the crisis or the question then under your hands. And that man, in his station, remembering when and how the phrase was born, may respond to all that it implies — also for ends not his own.

None can foresee on what grounds, national or international, some of you here may have to make or honor such an appeal; whether it will be for tangible help in vast material ventures, or for aid in things unseen; whether for a little sorely needed suspension of judgment in the councils of a nation as self-engrossed as your own; or, more searching still, for orderly farewells to be taken at some enforced parting of the ways. Any one of these

issues may sweep to you across earth in the future. It will be yours to meet it with sanity, humor, and the sound heart that goes with a sense of proportion and the memory of good days shared together.

For you will be delivered to life in a world where, at its worst, no horror is now incredible, no folly unthinkable, no adventure inconceivable. At the best, you will have to deal with, and be dealt with by, communities impatient of nature, idolatrous of mechanisms, and sick of self-love to the point almost of doubting their own perfections. The gods, whom they lecture, alone know what these folk will do or think.

And here, gentlemen, let me put before you the seductive possibility that some of you may end your days in refuges for the mentally afflicted — not because you will necessarily be any more insane than you are at present, but because you will have preached democracy to democracies resolute that never again shall their peace be troubled by Demos.

Yet out of all this welter you will arrive at prosperity, as youth, armor-plated by its own absorption in itself, has always arrived. In truth, there is but one means by which you can miss it, and that is if you try to get the better of the gods who sell everything at a price. They continue to be just gods, and should you hold back even a fraction of the sum asked for your heart's desire they will say nothing, but they will furnish you with a substitute that would deceive the elect — that will deceive even you until it is too late. So I would advise you to pay them in full, making a note that goods obtained for personal use cost rather more than those intended for the honor and advancement of others.

A PAGE OF VERSE

AN APRIL SONG

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone —
The catkins swing, the skylarks sing,
And Spring hath come to her own again.
A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone,
With love and life, in daily strife,
Once more together thrown.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come, lads and lasses, woo!

A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone —
Jack turns to Jill, and Jane to Bill,
And Will to little Joan again.
A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone;
From peep of day to dimpsy gray
He chimes his monotone.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come, lads and lasses, woo!

A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone, the Cuckoo Stone,
the Cuckoo Stone —
Oh, fairy bell, ring never knell
To tell that love hath flown again.
A cuckoo 's back on the Cuckoo Stone:
Pray no heart meet or spirit greet
His music with a moan.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Come, lads and lasses, woo!

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MAX REINHARDT IN HIS NEW THEATRE

MAX REINHARDT, chief among German theatrical directors and, with the sole exception of Stanislavskii, the most famous of modern régisseurs, is at last comfortably installed with his actors in his new Theater in der Josefstadt, in Vienna, where three plays — besides a special prologue for the new venture, from the pen of the Austrian dramatist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal — have already won the plaudits of the critical Viennese audiences. Reinhardt and his distinguished company have often played in Vienna before, and some of the most remarkable of his recent productions — notably Hofmannsthal's miracle play, *Das Grosse Welttheater* — were first seen in Salzburg, near by; but now Reinhardt has definitely turned his back on Berlin and comes to Vienna this time — in the words of a character in Hofmannsthal's prologue — 'not on a visit but to make his home.'

The Theater in der Josefstadt, which is now Reinhardt's, has a tradition and a long history behind it. One hundred and thirty-six years ago a Viennese innkeeper — maintaining the ancient association between inns and the drama, and very possibly with a shrewd eye to trade — founded it for his son-in-law, the comedian Karl Mayer. It may be better not to inquire too closely into Mayer's pretensions to dramatic art. At least his old theatre has been the scene of notable artistic events: Beethoven once directed an overture there; the actors Nestroy and Scholz played their first rôles on its stage, and the dramatist Raimund appeared there in the first performance of his *Der Verschwender*.

Now, modernized and redeccorated,

the old theatre starts on a new lease of life under the right German and mouth-filling official title of *Die Schauspieler im Theater in der Josefstadt unter der Führung von Max Reinhardt*. With his characteristic flair for odd and unconventional detail, Reinhardt has contrived a new device whereby, as the curtain rises, the huge candelabra lighting the pit are also drawn up to the ceiling, thereby — a delicate attention, appreciated by a much-neglected portion of the audience — giving the occupants of the upper balcony seats a clear view of the stage.

Hofmannsthal, by adroitly combining in the *Prologue* his own lines with others brazenly and amusingly borrowed from Goldoni's *Servant of Two Masters*, — Reinhardt's first production in his new theatre, — gave the whole company a unique way of introducing themselves to Vienna. Hermann Thimig played Truffaldino and Helene Thimig the lady's maid, Smeraldina. Sybille Binder was the coquettish lady disguised as a man, who is Truffaldino's 'second master.' The dramatic correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* comments feelingly that Reinhardt's is the only theatre in Vienna where you can get anything hot to eat between acts!

The régisseur's artistic accomplishments are not yet, however, seriously overshadowed by his culinary achievements. Scarcely settled in his new house, he has produced two plays besides Goldoni's — a new comedy by Hofmannsthal, *Der Schwierige*, and Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*, the latter so elaborately costumed that the *Neue Freie Presse* feels it desirable to

devote a special article to it — in the fashion section!

Your true Viennese never lets his artistic sensibilities and his appreciation of creature comfort or personal adornment interfere with one another.



AN EXHIBITION OF FORGED ART

By way of an awful warning to art students and collectors, the Burlington Fine Arts Club has gathered together an exhibition of forgeries, counterfeits, and imitations. Possibly because it does not wish to give the intelligent individuals who manufacture these interesting objects any more aid than need be, the Club is granting admission only to members and their friends, who, presumably, are as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife. A few genuine works are also included in the exhibition for purposes of comparison — and possibly also to give the beholder's weakening faith in humankind occasional refreshment.

Some of the counterfeits are said to be so extraordinarily perfect that all but the most expert are likely to be deceived. One of the exhibitions is a miniature reproduction by Ruchmovski, a Russian goldsmith, of the tiara of Saitapharnes, which he forged and sold to the Louvre in the early nineties. So perfect was his workmanship that the fraud was not discovered until 1903. There is also a collection of sculpture by Bastianini, the Florentine forger, who is supposed to have been one of the most successful of modern times and who owed much of his success to his extraordinary skill as a craftsman and to the real creative spirit which he possessed.

The exhibition is especially interesting because it shows the antiquity of faking. It was a common practice in ancient Rome for art dealers to keep Greek slaves, who produced artistic

frauds for sale to ignorant Roman parvenus. European collections of Chinese paintings are said to contain many examples of the skillful forgeries of the Chin family, and in Paris to-day the artist who cannot paint modern pieces supports himself by turning out old masters. In London there was once a small studio above a fried-fish shop in Drury Lane where two young painters made enough to live by painting masterpieces of the Dutch school for export to America, at the rate of fifty shillings a week, with a special bonus of fifty pounds every six months. The poor amateur collector may take heart, however, from the pronouncement of an anonymous English critic, that 'in the collection at the Burlington it will not be difficult for trained eyes to detect the forgeries and imitations.'



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, AT IT AGAIN!

HAVING been out of the limelight for a long time, partly because Mussolini occupies so large a share of that desirable area, Gabriele d'Annunzio has set about collecting a museum of war trophies, prominent among which will be such pieces of arms or equipment as have had the honor to be connected with his poetic self. Recently he requested the Italian air force authorities to present him with the old airplane in which he carried out his raid on Vienna during the war. The authorities obligingly complied and the plane has been sent to Gardone, where d'Annunzio has perched it upon his villa, Vittoriale, in which his collection has been housed. It is now proposed to send also an old destroyer, unfit for use, which d'Annunzio desires because of some naval exploit. The war vessel is to be taken to pieces and sent inland to the Villa Vittoriale, where it will be reassembled and set upon the hill — truly an amazing spectacle.

Meantime Marquis Boltini, a friend of the poet's, has come to London with the manuscripts of d'Annunzio's most famous works. They are to be sold at auction and the proceeds will be used by the author to erect a monument to Eleonora Duse. It is rumored that an American collector recently offered d'Annunzio two hundred thousand dollars for these papers, but d'Annunzio did not care to sell them at that time.



A REACTIONARY BOLSHEVIST PLAYWRIGHT

ONE of the fundamentalists of Bolshevism raises a shout of protest in the Moscow *Pravda* over the last play by Anatole Lunacharskii, the Soviet Commissar of Education. The indignant Communist is aghast at Lunacharskii's 'most reactionary' and 'dangerous' play, *The Bear's Wedding*, which was recently produced at the Little Theatre in Moscow, and demands its immediate suppression.

With his hair — and probably his whiskers — vibrant in horror, the critic in *Pravda* exclaims: —

At a time when even in all children's books and so-called fairy-tales the Department presided over by Lunacharskii has eliminated such words as 'God,' 'the Tsar,' 'a noble Count,' 'a horrible witch,' and so forth, the Commissar of Education himself has presented to the audiences of our Soviet theatre a concentrated extract of all this reactionary rubbish.

Of the nine scenes of Lunacharskii's play, only two are played on a fully lighted stage. The other seven are acted in a mystical semidarkness or complete darkness. During these same seven acts an unseen chorus of women is heard to sigh and wail behind the scenes, and is supposed to represent the moaning of the wind and the whisperings of mysterious voices. In three acts several of the members of the cast have fits of insanity. In the same scenes barefooted women

with lamps in their hands suddenly appear out of the darkness, and make various mysterious speeches. In one act a gipsy appears from behind a tree, and tells the fortunes of two of the people in the play who are contemplating marriage.

Then nearly all the characters are counts or countesses or members of the so-called nobility. . . . The whole play is compiled of mystical nonsense from beginning to end. . . . We are entitled to demand from a playwright who is also a Communist and from the head of the Commissariat of Education complete ideological purity in his writings, adequate clarity in conception, and the presence of a minimum of artistic taste.



ERNST TOLLER IN LONDON

MR. LOUIS UNTERMEYER's translation of *Masse-Mensch* — which was presented as 'Man and the Masses' by the Theatre Guild in New York — has had a fairly successful production by the Stage Society in London. This subscription organization, however, is able to give only occasional Sunday afternoon performances, and so far there seem to be few prospects that Toller's play of protest will find its way to the stage at any regular London theatre.

The reviewers are not very favorable, though most London critics have formed the habit of roaring as gently as any sucking dove at almost everything the Stage Society attempts. The *Daily Telegraph's* critic finds some scenes 'powerful,' but complains that they are 'exceedingly lurid' and asserts that 'the work adds little or nothing to our understanding of the cyclonic forces of which the world has seen all too much during the last ten years.' He also complains of the play's lack of cohesion and its inconclusiveness, but praises the work of the British director who staged it. The *Times* suggests that the label 'Made in Germany' would be exceedingly appropriate and finds *Masse-Mensch* in general an æsthetic

disappointment, 'though the play, no doubt, has a live political interest in its native land (where it is pretty generally prohibited).'

Even Mr. Desmond McCarthy of the *New Statesman*, who is usually receptive to the newest of the new, admits sadly, 'I do not think highly of the result as a work of art,' though in almost the same breath he concedes that it is interesting 'as showing how the stage can enlarge its methods to include new effects.' Mr. Edward Shanks, who is both poet and critic, writing in the *Outlook*, is so dissatisfied that he complains even of the acting of Miss Sybil Thorndike, who has labored long to give London the best in ancient and modern drama. His complaint is that 'Miss Sybil Thorndike was shot at the end of it instead of at the beginning' — which is really hard on a popular, intelligent, and conscientious actress.

In the last scene of *Masse-Mensch*, where the Woman is led from her cell to execution, two other women prisoners creep in and steal the bread which she has left uneaten. It gives Mr. Shanks an opportunity for the unkindest cut of all: 'Then comes the volley. Together they let fall the bread they are devouring and mutter (in these words I seemed to hear the anguished accents of members of the Stage Society): "We ought not to have done this!"'



A NEW HOBBY IN POSTAGE-STAMPS

THE various issues of postage-stamps used for air mail — which have appeared on every hand since the war — constitute one of the most recent and most expensive hobbies among Euro-

pean stamp-collectors. The rapid development of air craft and of aerial mails has produced an abundance of letters with interesting histories, so that the collector often pays not so much for the stamp as for its associations.

Any one of the ninety-five letters carried by Hawker on his ill-fated attempt to cross the Atlantic is worth to-day from thirty-five to fifty pounds; but by one of those freaks which only collectors can understand the first air-post letters which were carried across the Atlantic by Sir John Alcock in the R-34 are worth no more than twenty pounds, and even then only if they bear the special stamp that was struck for the occasion and are postmarked with the actual date of the flight. This is partly because these letters are not so rare. At a recent London auction one of the few private letters brought back from America on the R-34's return voyage sold for as much as thirty-two pounds. The souvenir label which the Australian authorities placed upon letters brought from England to Australia by Sir Ross Smith, in his London to Melbourne flight, is very much sought, and worth fifty pounds.

The gem of all air stamps, however, is the United States twenty-cent issue, which was printed by mistake with the airplane upside down. Only a hundred copies were issued before the mistake was discovered and the keen eyes of our postal authorities raised the price of each to a hundred and fifty pounds.

Three years ago M. Théodore Champion of Paris began to bring out his *Catalogue historique et descriptive des timbres de la poste aérienne* — a useful and interesting work which is now going into a third edition.

BOOKS ABROAD

Anatole France: *The Man and His Work*, by J. Lewis May. London: John Lane, 1924. 15s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. LEWIS MAY's critical biography is, it must be confessed, rather too unambitious. He has written a simple and cautious account of the external facts of M. France's life, and has then proceeded to discuss him separately as novelist, short-story teller, historian, critic, philosopher, and stylist. Such a method, in the present fashion of subtle and sophisticated biography, is embarrassingly simple. The actual criticism is scanty and, although invariably sincere, not always profound. Mr. May, as becomes a translator, is evidently an ardent admirer. He has endeavored to temper the fervor of his enthusiasm by deliberate understatement, but the conscientious effort to guard against too fulsome an adulation has led him to commit several unnecessary errors in judgment. He condemns *L'Île des Pingouins* for 'its frequent lapses from good taste.' He emphasizes the sentimentality of *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, but does not suggest the existence of the fundamental sentimental weakness which vitiates so much of M. France's work. He speaks of the poetic feeling which inspires the subtle cadences of the master's prose, but affirms that this poetic feeling is his most characteristic virtue.

It would be unfair, however, to criticize the author from any angle other than that indicated by his intentions. He has succeeded, in his own manner, in creating an attractive picture, and, no doubt, in stimulating interest in the greatest living French writer. It is regrettable that Mr. May's own convictions should occasionally obtrude themselves on his interpretation of Anatole France's political sympathies.

Spain To-day, by Frank B. Deakin. London: Labour Publishing Co., Ltd.; New York: Knopf, 1924. \$2.50.

[L. R. in the *Irish Statesman*]

WE have sometimes wondered, turning over Hogarth's pictures, whether if we had the power of choice we should prefer to be the Industrious or the Idle Prentice. Certainly there is much to be said in favor of going to church, of being your master's favorite, of marrying his daughter and becoming rich, of rising to be Sheriff, Alderman, and finally Lord Mayor of London. On the other hand, gambling — even on a tomb-

stone — is deliciously exciting, travel is delightful, and many a light o' love in a garret is preferable to your master's daughter. And may it not be better to die young on a gallows than to live to drive fatly in the Lord Mayor's coach?

We are reminded of these considerations when we read Mr. Deakin's book about Spain. He writes with knowledge, and in what he calls 'a spirit of friendship.' Poor Spain will declare, 'Spare me from my friends!' He systematically and statistically exposes the abuses which are rampant there — illiteracy, corruption of press, politics, and law; insanitary conditions of life, poverty, slums. The book might be — doubtless would be — of use printed in Spanish and published in Spain, but printed in English and published in London what purpose can it serve? Well, this: that the Industrious Prentice likes to evoke from time to time the ghost of Thomas Idle. If he ever is inclined to be dissatisfied with his fat rich wife, his comfortable house, and his turtle soup, he has only got to think of the garret, Thomas Idle's disreputable loves, and the gallows, and at once he becomes reconciled to his fate. It is pleasant for an Englishman to think of the glory that was Spain, and then to remember the Armada, lost America, and the decline from being the first to — is it the fifth or the seventh Power in Europe? And the statistics cannot be refuted. Forty-four per cent illiterate in Cadiz! Twelve hundred tons of refuse thrown daily into dustbins in Madrid!

Does it ever occur to these people who club us with statistics that until they can supply us with statistics of happiness their blows have but little effect? Certainly the children of Spain are very badly educated, but the last time the reviewer was there his friend — who is all on the side of the Industrious Prentice — repeatedly exclaimed, 'I never saw such healthy, happy children.' A conformity of conduct in the matter of dustbins is taking place all over the world; let us grant that Spain is slow to conform, but let us add that if she were not slow she would not be Spain. Mr. Deakin is old-fashioned; liberalism died ten years ago. Need we add that there is nothing in the book about art, music, or literature? These trifles are beneath the notice of a man who marries his master's daughter.

Be Good Sweet Maid, by Anthony Wharton. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[H. C. Harwood in the *Outlook*]

To those in the trade of writing, *Be Good Sweet Maid* should present amusement and frequent

opportunities for a malicious sneer. For the rest — I am not sure. Miss Strong was the clever one of the family and took to the composition of novels. She studies Flaubert closely, but ends as a monger of the flippantly indecent. Mr. Wharton has very vividly described the tragedy of the second rate, and has nearly approached to making his heroine a beautiful as well as a pitiful figure. Unhappily some obscure rancor perplexes his narrative. It may be that Mr. Wharton dislikes female novelists. If so, as a male novelist, he should have kept silence. It may be that he dislikes all thinking women. But he could safely have left it to his female colleagues to mock at women who somehow have not become wives. Lord! how tired one gets of this baiting of old maids, of this assumption that no girl misses matrimony without slowly rotting from the soul outward.

The Black Soul, by Liam O'Flaherty. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 7s. 6d.

[Austin Clarke in *The Nation and the Athenæum*]

MR. O'FLAHERTY'S idea is unsophisticated, healthy, positive. The Stranger, wrecked in nerve and mind by his war experience, abandons modern civilization for Nature and the primitive life of the Galway islands, and is made whole again by sea and wind and rain. Mr. Darrell Figgis, in his *Children of Earth*, seems to have made an unfortunate convention for the description of Atlantic scenery. Mr. O'Flaherty's similar ocean seethes or boils in cauldrons, hisses like wounded snakes, 'gets sick and vomits' on shores; his clouds are 'disemboweled in mid-air,' and all the rest of it — this, for so promising a writer, is bad and a downright lack of literary practice. Violence is not power; nor shouting strength.

The human study of a mind, half broken, disillusioned, tortured, yet without belief, is nevertheless moving and full of painful actuality and sincerity. The Stranger's morbid resentment toward the wife of Red John, a weak-minded man with whom he lodges, his gradual yielding to her simple, primitive love for him, and his gathering strength of mind and body, are finely contrasted with the husband's dull sinking into apathy. There is plenty of hard drinking, swearing, and virile conversation in the book; Mr. O'Flaherty can sketch roughly, but powerfully, a fast-fading type like O'Daly, and in his central theme he makes us feel the younger generation battling its way into its own light. But the fact that he

has dealt here once more with an exceptional emotional situation prevents him from using to full advantage his native knowledge of island life. Resentment, vehement sincerity he has, but also, as yet, too deep a preoccupation with the ninth — or is it tenth? — commandment.

European Bankruptcy and Emigration, by Helmer Key. London: Methuen, 1924. 6s.

[*New Statesman*]

DR. KEY is the editor of *Swenska Dagbladet*, a daily newspaper which occupies in Stockholm a position somewhat analogous to that of the *Times* in London. His book is, in effect, a plea for the organized emigration of Europeans — and especially of Nordic Europeans — on a scale much greater than has ever hitherto been attempted. We sympathize very fully with his object, though we cannot accept all the arguments which he adduces in its favor. It is evident, however, both that he is an able thinker and that he has made an exhaustive study of his subject. He appears to know all that there is to be known about the history of that greatest of emigrant movements which has produced large English-speaking communities all over the world. He is able, indeed, to tell us very much about the building of the British Empire which will be news to the majority even of well-informed Englishmen. For this reason alone his book is worth reading.

BOOKS MENTIONED

CHAMPION, THÉODORE. *Catalogue historique et descriptive des timbres de la poste abrienne*. Paris: Th. Champion, 13 Rue Drouot, 1924. Third Edition. 15 fr.

SPENGLER, OSWALD. *Neubau des Deutschen Reiches*. Munich: Verlag C. H. Beck, 1924.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

BAUDOUIN, CHARLES. *Tolstoi: The Teacher*. Authorized translation by Fred Rothwell, with hitherto unpublished documents supplied by Paul Biroukof. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924. \$2.50.

Three Tibetan Mysteries. Translated by H. I. Woolf from the French version of Jacques Bacot. Illustrated from native designs by V. Goloubew. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924. \$3.00.